

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 337.—2 NOVEMBER, 1850.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Central America*, by JOHN BAILY, Esq., R. M., of Guatemala. London: Trelawney Saunders.
2. *Wild Life in Central America*. By GEORGE BYAM. London: John W. Parker.
3. *Coup d'Œil Rapide sur la République de Costa Rica*. Par F. M. Paris: Printed for Private Circulation.
4. *Review of the Plans for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans*. By JOSEPH GLYNN, M. I. C. E. London: Printed for Private Circulation.
5. *Map of Central America, showing the different Lines of Atlantic and Pacific Communication*. London: James Wyld.
6. *Terms of Contract between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company*. New York.
7. *Prospectus of the Panama Railroad Company*. New York.

NUMBERLESS signs denote that Central America will be the theatre of some of the most remarkable changes likely to be wrought by advancing civilization. Three years back its capabilities and distinctive features were almost wholly unknown to the general public; and such volumes as existed with regard to them were read with no more active interest than would have been excited by travels in Persia or Dalmatia, or any other country with which the chances of our establishing an immediate and vital intercourse might be most remote. Now, however, there is no quarter of the world to which attention is more actively directed than Central America. Statesmen, merchants, navigators, colonizers, and the students of natural science, are all alike awakened to the importance of its future prospects; and, as a consequence of the demand thus created, books and maps are supplied by our geographical publishers, involving an amount of minute detail, which enables us, we may believe, to form a far more accurate knowledge of each point of the territory than is possessed by one in a hundred of its present inhabitants.

Until now, notwithstanding the almost solemn charm that has invariably been felt in its contemplation, the idea of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific has never been anything more than an interesting engineering problem. That it could be effected without any serious difficulty, has, however, in the face of appearances to the contrary, for many years, been placed beyond all real doubt; and the actual point in which projectors have failed has been simply in convincing the capitalist that it would pay. Appealed to on the strength of sublime estimates of the influences of the enterprise on the destinies of the world, unaccompanied by any data on which reliance could be

placed with regard to the per centage in the shape of future receipts, men of business could not be warmed into enthusiasm. In reply, therefore, they have always professed a fear of its impracticability; and as this was stimulated by the circumstance of each projector abusing the routes proposed by his rivals, it at last became a received belief. They saw all the glory of the project; would be willing to run all necessary risk for its consummation; but the thing was impossible. With a demonstrable dividend before them, every shadow in the shape of a mechanical difficulty would have disappeared.

But the discovery of California has now settled the question of a profitable result; and, in a much shorter time than most persons in England are even yet prepared to expect, not merely a communication, but a choice of communications, is certain to be opened up. These will be respectively at Panama and Nicaragua: the former by railway and steam-boat in the first instance, and ultimately by railway entirely; the latter, chiefly by steamboat in the first instance, and ultimately by a complete canal both for steam-boats and sailing-vessels.

The Panama line is promoted by Howland and Aspinwall, of New York. It is to consist of a railway from Navy Bay on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific, at an estimated cost of \$5,000,000, or £1,000,000 sterling. At the commencement, however, a portion of the road, consisting of about twenty-two miles on the Pacific side, (from Panama to Gorgona,) will be constructed and put into operation, and the rest of the transit will be effected by steamers running forty-five miles on the Chagres river, which is navigable at all periods of the year for vessels of light draught. The work, it is estimated, may thus far be completed for £200,000, and the shareholders will be in the receipt of revenue while the remainder is being constructed. The full capital for this portion has been subscribed at New York; the entire line has been surveyed, and the grading of the distance from Panama to Gorgona already contracted for at the price of \$400,000, (£80,000;) which is within the original estimate. The grant to the company by the republic of New Grenada gives them an exclusive privilege for forty-nine years, subject to a right of redemption by the republic at the end of twenty years, on payment of \$5,000,000; at the end of thirty years, on payment of \$4,000,000; and at the end of forty years, on payment of \$2,000,000. This privilege is to date from the completion of the road, for which eight years are allowed; and it is accompanied by a concession of exclusive harbor rights at the ports on each side, and also of the necessary land throughout the line, besides 300,000 acres in perpetuity,

for the purposes of colonization. The company are likewise to be allowed to import iron, and whatever may be necessary for the construction of the road, free of duty, including all articles of provision and clothing for the workmen. They may also call upon the government to furnish them the assistance of three companies of sappers; and the only obligation imposed as to the character of the road, is that it shall be capable of transporting passengers and merchandise from one ocean to the other in the space of twelve hours.

The parties by whom the survey of the Panama route was effected, instead of encountering the formidable difficulties that had been anticipated, found that they could lay down a line which would not exceed forty-six miles in length, with a summit of less than 300 feet above the sea, and with curvatures, having nowhere a radius of less than 1,500 feet. Their explorations were extended over the whole of that part of the Isthmus, so as to insure the one true point, and there can be no doubt that this has now been selected. Another difficulty which has always been represented as no less formidable than the natural impediments of the route, namely, the procuring a proper supply of laborers able to stand the climate, has also been proved to be delusive. The parties who have contracted for the grading of the twenty-two miles on the Pacific side are, it seems, two American engineers, who have been employed for the last five years in the State of New Grenada, in forming a canal ninety miles long, to connect two branches of the Magdalena river, and which they have completed entirely with native labor. They can bring with them a large number of these workmen, whose training, although at first difficult, was ultimately quite successful; and there is reason also to believe that arrangements for foreign labor might be made, since the experience of the corps employed in the survey of the railway, consisting of forty engineers and assistants, was not discouraging with respect to climate.

The explorations for this survey have led to the discovery of large groves of mahogany, and rich mineral deposits, "the knowledge of which," it is represented, "will be highly important to the company in locating lands under their grant;" and with regard to the proposed terminus of the railway on the Atlantic side, on the island of Manzanilla, in Navy Bay, we have the following characteristic speculations, which might, perhaps, be taken as nothing more than a rhapsody, were it not for our experience of the way in which these American visions are apt to produce their own realization.

The harbor is accessible at all seasons, and with any wind perfectly secure, and capable of containing 300 sail. Of the island, Mr. Norris, the chief engineer of the Chagres division, says, "In ten years, I predict, the whole will be covered with houses, and the inhabitants enjoying perfect health, with every luxury of a southern climate." He adds, "I do consider it the most eligible and perfect site for a city of any size I have ever seen."

The second line, which may now be considered definitely arranged, is that of a ship canal in connexion with the lakes of Nicaragua. This work promises an early commencement, and also a rapid progress. On the 27th August last, a contract was made between the State of Nicaragua and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company, of New York, by which all the exclusive privileges necessary for the undertaking were conferred. According to the contract, the canal is to be completed within twelve years, unless prevented by fortuitous occurrences; and upon failure of this stipulation, such part as may have been constructed is to be forfeited to the state. The company agree to pay the state \$10,000 for the ratification of the contract; \$10,000 more annually till the completion of the work; and to make a donation of their stock to the amount of \$200,000. When finished, the state is to receive one fifth of the net profits for twenty years, and afterwards one quarter. There is also a stipulation that it is to have ten per cent. on the profits of any minor line of communication between the two oceans which the company may open up during the time they are engaged on the grand canal. On the other hand, the privileges bestowed are, not only the exclusive right for constructing the canal, but also the exclusive right of inland steam navigation; grants likewise are to be made of eight sections of land on the banks of the canal, each section to be six miles square. The concession, as originally proposed, was for eighty-five years, but it has since been extended in perpetuity.

The first payment of \$10,000 has already been made by the company to the government of Nicaragua; and the general arrangement having been favorably viewed by the cabinet at Washington, there can be no question that the privileges which have been acquired under it may now be regarded as incapable of being upset. It is true that Mr. Barclay, the British consul at New York, has given notice to the company that in extending the grant to the exclusive right of navigating the river San Juan, the state of Nicaragua has entered into an agreement in regard to places where it has no competence, since "the boundary line of the Mosquito kingdom touches the St. John's river at the Machuca rapid, about thirty miles below the Lake Nicaragua, from whence to the mouth of the St. John's the navigation belongs to Mosquito;" but this, supposing the English view to be admitted, can in no way affect the main privileges they have obtained. It would necessitate a negotiation on their behalf to obtain from the King of Mosquito, or, in other words, from the English government, a guarantee of those rights on the San Juan which it is not in the power of Nicaragua to grant; and in this it is to be inferred there would be no obstacle, since it would be impossible to refuse the application, so long as the company are ready to bind themselves that the route, when constructed, shall be open, on fair and equal terms, to the whole world, and that the power of holding its stock and of participating in its management

shall likewise be free to all parties. Indeed, it is believed that the question has already been met, both by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in a spirit which will speedily lead to a joint guarantee on the part of England and the United States of the neutrality of the whole line. As to political difficulties, therefore, so far as the promoters of the canal are concerned, there are actually none. A short, although a vexatious, delay—for even a few months' impediment to such an undertaking would be an evil full of reproach—is all that could arise out of the uncertainty at present existing on these points. Neither England nor the United States would like it to form part of their history, that the human race had been kept, for two or three or more years, from witnessing the junction of the Atlantic and the Pacific, because their foreign ministers had been unable to adjust a wrangle as to whom belonged the right of conceding some seventy miles of the now desolate track through which the work would pass.

In the projects of the Nicaragua Canal hitherto put forward, the estimated cost has been £4,000,000, the actual outlay being reckoned at £3,600,000, and the remaining £400,000 being allowed for casual expenses. These calculations were professedly made on the high scale of the Caledonian Canal, where the expenditure was notoriously reckless, and at a period when the mechanical facilities for such undertakings were very imperfect as compared with the present time. They were based, however, upon the surveys of Mr. Baily, which are regarded as having been made with a degree of conscientious care, entitling them to the highest credit. Hence, in the calculations in question, there are no existing points of engineering difficulty which were not comprised; and it may accordingly be inferred that, if they were under the mark, the deficiency was simply caused by not allowing enough for labor, materials, and interest of money. The improvements in mechanical science, and the diminution in the cost of materials during the last ten or fifteen years, would, it may at least be assumed, make up as large an amount on the other side; and allowing, therefore, for the invariable experience which attends all estimates, there is now no reason to suppose that, under any circumstances, the cost could exceed the total that has been contemplated. This is somewhat less than half the amount that has been expended for the Dover Railway, and about two thirds of the expenditure for the Brighton.

The revenue, which was calculated years ago when the original schemes were propounded, was taken upon 900,000 tons, and the contemplated toll per ton was 10s. for European, and 20s. for United States vessels; the whole producing about £600,000 a year, which, after leaving two per cent. for maintenance, and one per cent. for sinking fund, would yield a return of twelve per cent. on the capital.

An examination of these estimates, however, produces no conviction of their correctness. All the materials on which they were founded were

extremely vague; too much reliance was placed on the change of route to India; and the proposed difference in toll to American vessels would, moreover, never be tolerated. This difference was suggested on the idea, that as the average saving of time to United States vessels would be two months, and to European vessels only one month, toll should be exacted in a proportionate ratio; but it would introduce an entirely new principle into the universal system of navigation dues, and public charges of all kinds, and one that would be found as impracticable as it would be unjust and absurd.

But since these statements were made in 1835, the traffic with South America has greatly increased, and Australia and New Zealand have been growing in importance. Still, even with these changes, capitalists would possibly have regarded the experiment with hesitation. At all events, it would have been one of anxiety. It is, as we have already observed, the discovery of the gold mines in California that has alone altered the whole aspect of the affair, and rendered it such as will be pursued with eagerness.

While the Panama railway will take the whole of the passengers for the western ports of South America, the Nicaragua route must command the entire traffic to California, the moment it shall be rendered practicable, even by a mixture of water and land conveyance. On the completion of the canal, it will, of course, in addition, monopolize all the shipping trade between the two oceans, but some of its most startling results will be witnessed long before that period. The distance saved by the Nicaragua route in the journey to California, as compared with the Panama, is sufficient to prevent the possibility of competition; and, apart from this, the attractive features of the former are such as to give it an unquestionable superiority. Now, the emigration to California from the United States has recently been 6,000 or 7,000 persons each month, or at the rate of 80,000 per annum; and one peculiar feature of that emigration seems to consist in the fact that, at whatever rate it may continue, it will always be of a shifting kind—that is to say, there will always be a tide of persons both going and returning. Gold digging can only be carried on for about five months out of the twelve, and during the idle season it would be far more economical to return to the States than to live at San Francisco. The operation itself is also one which men are only disposed to pursue temporarily, so that after a little while each miner is content to return, and to leave his place to a new comer. This has been particularly exemplified during the past autumn—both the influx and efflux of passengers have been enormous; and that the efflux was not caused by persons who were returning in disappointment, has been abundantly shown by the fact of their re-appearance in the United States not having led to the slightest diminution in the number of those who were still eager to emigrate.

According to the last accounts, ships of a still larger and finer class than those hitherto employed were being placed upon the service, and every

ticket in the three lines of steamers had been taken up to May or June. There is consequently ground to calculate on a constant stream both ways. The certainty of this is indeed demonstrable. At present the average to each miner is at least five dollars per day; and, supposing the supply of gold to continue at this rate, population must steadily flow in until the rate of wages for a similar day's labor, after making allowance for the expense of passage money, shall have been equalized throughout the world. Each mail repeats the story that no one in the country doubts the supply to be inexhaustible. By the last advices, Colonel Fremont, moreover, had discovered, between San Francisco and Monterey, a vein in the mountains which yielded the extraordinary proportion of one ounce of gold to twenty-three pounds of rock. Quicksilver and silver mines were also waiting only for machinery and labor. Instead of a diminution of activity in this direction, everything therefore indicates an increase.

However much we may be disposed to distrust the twelve per cent. estimate of those who in former years proposed the execution of the work, we must under these circumstances admit that there can be little fear of its present results. We must look not only at the traffic which is even now before us, but we must take into account its natural increase from the greater cheapness and rapidity of the new route. We must also look at the growing importance of Oregon, and to the certainty of the crowd of small steamers that will accumulate on the Pacific, from the smoothness of its waters and the abundance of the easily worked coal of Vancouver's Island.

At the same time, although the view is thus bright, there is no great likelihood that it will attract any amount of English money. Faith, the great element of all enterprises, has been destroyed in this country for many years to come; and not only is there no disposition to enter upon the scheme among ourselves, but there is a strong tendency to suppose that others would be equally timid, and to doubt if the Americans would or even could carry it out without "the aid of British capital." Such has been our step from the sublime to the ridiculous, that we have come to look upon the expenditure during the next twelve years of a sum of £4,000,000, (which is a little more than half the amount of the railway calls for the month of January, 1847,) upon the grandest public work that mankind has ever contemplated, as something that is really appalling from its temerity, and that is only to be carried out by a congress of capitalists from all the nations of the earth. In the United States, however, the feeling is very different; and every year vast works are quietly undertaken there, and carried to completion in a way which would surprise those numberless people who are too apt complacently to believe that all the world stands still except when funds are sent from London. They have enjoyed prosperity since 1839; and although, of course, after so long a period, their turn for a run of madness

must be approaching, there are at present no signs of it, and no apprehensions of its arrival for two or three years. They are quite prepared, therefore, to look confidently at any rational project, however broad, and nothing could be presented to them which would more enlist their commercial aptitudes, their hard energy, and practical benevolence, or their patriotic pride. "I would not speak of it," said one of their writers, a few years back, "with sectional, or even national feeling; but if Europe is indifferent, it would be glory surpassing the conquest of kingdoms to make this greatest enterprise ever attempted by human force entirely our own."

We may rely, therefore, that the day is gone by when the undertaking could be neglected for want of funds. If carried out entirely by capitalists in the United States, it will probably be pushed forward with less rapidity than would otherwise be the case; but this will be far more than compensated by the exercise of greater economy and certainty. Meanwhile, steps have already been taken for ascertaining what will be necessary to render the route immediately available for passengers, and for placing steamers upon the river San Juan and the lakes. The chairman of the company—a Mr. Vanderbilt, who it is said has been more largely and profitably connected with steam navigation than any other citizen of New-York—started some months back on a personal survey of the entire district; and, as he and his friends are understood to be prepared to subscribe for a very considerable proportion of the required capital, a report may be expected in which, contrary to English usages, the interests of the stockholder will be consulted before those of the engineer.

The precise course which will be taken by this canal, whenever it may be completed, is still in some parts uncertain; not from any question of great difficulty, but from the fact of three modes presenting themselves for the exit from the lake to the Pacific, from which a selection is to be made. From Greytown (or San Juan) on the Atlantic, the course for 104 miles is by the river San Juan; the Lake of Nicaragua is then entered, and it is the best route from this lake to the Pacific that remains to be determined. The line contemplated and surveyed by Mr. Baily was from the southwestern point of the lake to the port of San Juan del Sur, the extent of which would be fifteen miles, with an elevation to be overcome, in one part, of 457 feet. Another route, which has been proposed but not surveyed, is from the same part of the lake to the port of Las Salinas, lying within the boundary claimed by Costa Rica, which would be about the same length, but which would not, it is said, present a greater elevation than 270 feet; and a third proposal is, to proceed from the northern part of the lake by the river Tipitipa, twenty miles in length, to the smaller lake called Lake Leon, and thence by a canal of eleven miles through a district which is alleged to offer no greater rise than fifty-one feet, to the river Tosta,

which communicates at eighteen miles distance with the well known port of Realejo. At present, opinion seems to tend towards the last named course, as the one that would be most advantageous; but it would be idle, with the limited materials now before us, to speculate upon the point, since we shall soon be furnished with detailed statements prepared by practical men, who have entered upon the task of selection with all their interests enlisted in the matter, and with a thorough perception of the way in which all views regarding it must henceforth be adapted to meet most favorably the altered circumstances of commerce that have arisen in connexion with California. The port either of San Juan del Sur, or of Las Salinas, would seem to be in some measure the most desirable, if the trade with South America, Australia, and New Zealand, were made the predominant consideration; but, as respects Mexico, San Francisco, Oregon, Vancouver's Island, the Sandwich Islands, and the Indian Seas, which will be undoubtedly by far the most extensive region of traffic, Realejo is the best. Indeed, it is possible that with this view a yet more northerly terminus may be selected, and that, in preference to that port, the line may be made to run into the Gulf of Fonseca.

The certainty of these two routes of Panama and Nicaragua being speedily carried out, in a more or less perfect degree, places the rapid settlement of Central America beyond all doubt; and hence gives to all personal descriptions of the country, such as those which have been furnished by Mr. Baily and Mr. Byam, an interest that comes home to our daily business. Let the reader imagine what must be the effect even of an annual transit of 50,000 or 100,000 adventurous and well-informed people through a strip of country scarcely one hundred and fifty miles broad, yet commanding the ocean intercourse with Europe on one side and with Asia on the other, favorable to health, and abounding, at the same time, owing to the inequalities of its surface, with every natural product that can be found distributed elsewhere, between Scotland and the tropics, and an impressive idea of its coming destiny will be awakened; but let the glance be carried further, to the period of the completion of the canal, and then let it be remembered that within this strip of land lie two calm, yet deep and extensive lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks in the centre of the world, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce; and, in the contemplation of what is yet to be realized, the mind will almost beat with impatience against the slight barrier of time which yet remains between us and its accomplishment.

That Central America possesses inherently all the essentials to attract a dense and vigorous population, is a fact that has rarely been doubted by those Europeans or Americans who have visited the country, and all the publications before us tend to confirm it. The researches of Mr. Stephens showed that it had been largely peopled by an aboriginal race of a remarkable character, and

the size of its towns and its architectural remains give evidence of comparative prosperity under the old Spanish dominion. Leon, the principal city of Nicaragua, was formerly noted for its opulence, and once contained 50,000 inhabitants, who were among the most peaceful and industrious people in the country; while it has now, it is said by Mr. Baily, not more than one third of that number, and half the place is in ruins. This is simply owing to the wretched revolutionary contests that have gone on without intermission since the declaration of independence, and which are invariably got up by a handful of military vagabonds, who would be swept away in the course of four-and-twenty hours, or who, rather, would never dare to show their faces if a hundred Englishmen or Americans were in the district to stimulate the well-disposed to confidence.

The fact is (says Mr. Byam) that every revolution effected in all the republics, from Chili to Mexico, is brought about by such a mere fraction of the population, that it seems a wonder to an Englishman that the great majority do not arise and speak out—"We wish to be quiet; we do not want revolution and murders; nor do we wish to be subjected to forced contributions of money, cattle, and personal service; and, above all, we are nine out of ten in number against your one; and the great majority will not consent to be plundered by the small minority, who are only dissolute ruffians."

If the reign of peace were established (and even now it may be considered that such is almost the case, for after the present year we shall hear no more of disturbances in Nicaragua) the progress of the country, apart from the effects of a large European immigration, would of itself be steady and considerable.

With regard to health, the varied productions of Central America give the best evidence that whenever the country shall be opened up by roads and steamboats, and all the locomotive appliances of modern science, there will be no condition of persons who may not, by ordinary attention to the natural laws, enjoy in this territory all the physical power of which his constitution may be capable. Wherever it is possible to reach, by a few hours' journey, districts in which wheat, barley, and all the ordinary fruits and vegetables of Europe may be grown in perfection, there can be little fear that anything will be wanting in the way of climate to insure the preservation of bodily vigor. Even in its present state, Central America, on the whole, has no bad reputation regarding health, although the advantages offered by its configuration, in enabling its inhabitants to vary their climate according to their requirements, might as well not exist, since roads can scarcely be said to be known, the best rate of progress being about twenty-miles a day, and mule paths through thick woods, without resting-places at night, being usually the only features of a traveller's track. Yet, on the banks of the San Juan, and in other parts of Nicaragua, there are elevations that would

afford the most beneficial sites for farms and residences; while in Costa Rica, San Salvador, and indeed in all the states, table lands more or less abound, where any condition of climate may be obtained in a few hours. In Guatemala may be seen fields of wheat and peach-trees, and large districts "resembling the finest part of England on a magnificent scale." Valuable mineral and thermal springs are likewise distributed over the various localities, and there are other adjuncts of a curative kind, which may possibly be found to yield extensive results, and to present even a temptation to some classes of invalids. Amongst these is an animal called the manatee, between a quadruped and a fish, about ten feet long, weighing from 500 to 800 lbs., affording excellent food, and possessing a medicinal quality apparently analogous to the cod-liver oil, it being alleged to be strikingly effectual as a speedy cure for scrofulous disorders. "The blood is said to become purified, and the virulence of the complaint, thrown to the surface of the body, quickly disappears."

"Although Central America," observes Mr. Baily, "occupies the middle space between the equator and the tropic of Cancer, consequently lying within the torrid zone, the temperature may be said to be relatively mild, and, taken altogether, it undoubtedly is salubrious;" and this, it must be remembered, is the testimony of an English officer, who has resided in the country from choice during the best part of his life. The places most prejudicial to health lie on the northern coast and the Mosquito shore, where endemic and intermittent fevers are not unfrequent. The Pacific coast is exposed to a temperature equally high, or nearly so; but is much more salubrious, and seldom visited by epidemic or contagious diseases.

In point of natural riches, Nicaragua and Costa Rica have usually been spoken of amongst the various states as possessing the most abundant resources, but they all teem with rewards for industry, such as is almost unknown in any other part of the globe; and, upon a review of the claims of each state in this respect, it is hard to decide which has the greatest capabilities. In the plain of Nicaragua the fields are covered with high grass, studded with noble trees and herds of cattle. Cocoa, indigo, rice, Indian corn, bananas, and cotton, are here produced, and mahogany, cedar and pine abound in the forests. On the eastern side of the lake there are cattle farms, on which are herds of from 10,000 to 40,000 oxen, bulls, and cows. Horses and mules are bred for riding and for burden. Sheep are reared on the upper plains, and swine are kept for flesh. A planter from one of the West India islands stated his conviction, in reference to the district round Lake Leon, that, provided he could get the same amount of labor, he could manufacture sugar at one fourth its cost in the West Indies. At present it is sold in Nicaragua for three halfpence per pound. Leaving the lakes, and descending the San Juan, each bank of the river is covered with

valuable wood, of all sizes and descriptions, and the land is of prodigious fertility. With regard to the mining wealth of Nicaragua, Mr. Byam made some interesting observations, but the miserable state of the laws, and the spoliations of the government, prevented him from carrying on the enterprises in connection with it, to which he might otherwise have been tempted. The copper ores he met with were almost all uncombined with sulphur or any other substance that requires calcining to be got rid of, and they were consequently such as might be smelted in a common blast furnace, with the aid of equal quantities of iron-stone, which lies in abundance on the surface of all the hilly country. He found also silver mines, consisting of fine broad, but rather irregular, veins, the ore of which was combined with a great quantity of sulphur and a large proportion of lead. For the want of a silver assaying apparatus he could not get a good assay; but with the means in his power he could produce about fifteen mares of silver the ton. "The mineral riches that are deposited in the bosom of these mountains," he adds, "are no doubt very great; but the working of the mines is so difficult, from the ignorance of the workmen, who have to be taught everything, their invincible idleness, and the vacillation of the government, that I believe it will be long before anybody will be found to advance capital for prosecuting such a forlorn undertaking." This, however, was written when there seemed no gleam of hope for the resuscitation of the country.

Among the numerous products which Mr. Baily points out as offering temptations to the cultivator, are fruits of various kinds, indigo, and the mulberry for silkworms. Fruits of the country, it is said, are sufficiently plentiful, as well as oranges and lemons, which are excellent. Vegetables and garden produce are scarce about Leon, but they might be raised in all parts in great perfection; but not being considered of so much importance by the natives as by foreigners, they are unattended to. With regard to indigo, the quality already produced will bear "an advantageous comparison with the finest of any country whatever;" and no part of Central America is better suited to a more extended cultivation of it; yet, with all the advantages that are presented, few efforts are made to increase the annual growth. "The cause of this neglect is mainly attributed, in recent years at least, to a diminution of capital, and possibly, in no small degree, to an apathetic indifference to the future, consequent upon the misfortunes arising from a continued series of internal discords that unhappily have paralyzed all industrial pursuits." Of the *Morus multicaulis*, it is remarked, "The mulberry for silkworms grows remarkably well, and the climate appears to be congenial to it in all respects. Hitherto, little or no advantage has attended the cultivation, chiefly from want of attention and requisite experience. Were these deficiencies supplied, and the business carried on with energy and skill, a large quantity

of silk could be produced. How profitable such an article of commerce would be to proprietors, needs no demonstration.

The impossibility of any profitable cultivation either of these or any other articles, except for home use, in the present state of the country, will easily be understood from the circumstance that the rate of conveyance of merchandise and produce seems to be about two or three dollars per cwt. for every hundred miles; while the possibility of transporting it even at this charge, and at a speed of about twelve miles a day, depends upon the supply of mules that may be available. It is likewise to be observed, that agricultural implements are almost wholly wanting. The plough, the harrow, the scythe, the sickle, are not found on the farm; and the hoe and the machete are the only substitutes for them. Under these circumstances, the rearing of cattle is almost the only branch of occupation that is carried on to any extent; but from the difficulty of transit to the markets, where they would be in demand, a good bullock is only worth from four to six dollars, and abundant pasture yet remains unappropriated. "From a fertility of soil capable of maintaining millions, little more is now drawn than the sustenance of 250,000 inhabitants; but," Mr. Baily truly observes, "when, by increase of population, a greater command of capital, more intelligence of agriculture, commerce, and political economy, which in process of time will creep in, the beneficence of nature shall be looked upon as an incitement to industry, and encouragement shall be given to raise produce of exportable value and general demand, Nicaragua will be converted into a region of immense wealth."

Of the other four republics of Central America by which Nicaragua is surrounded, namely, Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras, only a few more words are necessary. In Costa Rica, as in Nicaragua, the soil is singularly productive; and all the articles peculiar to inter-tropical regions are grown in abundance, excepting cochineal, cotton, and the vine, which are liable to be destroyed by the periodical rains. Coffee is the staple export, and, as well as indigo, tobacco, and cocoa, which are also produced, is remarkable for its quality. Woods, drugs, grain, fruits, poultry, and a variety of miscellaneous articles likewise form part of the commerce of this little republic. Some gold mines exist, and are at present being worked, although without any very extraordinary results. Copper and lead are likewise found, but these of course have been neglected. The population amounts to 100,000 inhabitants, of whom only 10,000 are Indians. The trade is now almost exclusively carried on with England in British bottoms; but the shipments taking place on the Pacific side, the tedious route by Cape Horn is a serious drawback. In 1848 the exports consisted of 150,000 cwt. of coffee, estimated at \$6 on board; of about 10,000 ox and cow-hides; of a considerable quantity of mother-of-pearl, Nicaragua-wood and sarsaparilla, and of a small num-

ber of pearls; the total estimated value being \$1,000,000. San Jose, the capital, is 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, and from this a cart-road of seventy-two miles forms the communication with the port of Punta Arenas, on the Pacific. The great want of this republic has been a communication with the Atlantic, so as to save the long navigation by Cape Horn, and the government are now proceeding vigorously with a road of 66 miles from San Jose to the Sarapiqui river, which runs into the San Juan, and will thus furnish the opening that is desired. Costa Rica is the only one of the republics of Central America that for any lengthened period has been free from anarchy, and the result is that she is steadily advancing to prosperity, and that a treaty of amity, commerce and navigation was concluded with her by Great Britain on the 20th February last. She has at present a minister in London, Senor Molina, who is understood to be the writer of a very intelligent pamphlet on her resources, which has lately been published. By some notices in the French paper, *La Presse*, we also remark that a considerable grant of land has been made to a gentleman in Paris, for the promotion of colonization in a part of the state situated in the Gulf of Dulce, on the Pacific.

The state of Salvador is the smallest of the five republics, but relatively the most populous, the number of her inhabitants being 280,000, and her natural resources and position on the Pacific being calculated to admit of the utmost prosperity. She has, however, been incessantly ravaged by civil discord; and it is only about two months since a large body of her people joined some insurgents in the neighboring state of Guatemala, with the view of overturning the government in that country; while we have also seen that it has just been necessary for an English ship of war to blockade her ports in order to exact restitution for a fraudulent seizure of the property of British subjects. The chief production of San Salvador has been indigo; but she has the highest capabilities also for tobacco, cotton, sugar, and coffee. The mineral workings have been considerable. Gold was formerly, and still is, extracted; and rich silver mines, which were once wrought, are known still to be valuable. "But for many years past no one has wished to be thought rich enough to work a mine, lest he should be called upon to pay exorbitant contributions to the exigencies of the state." Copper and lead exist in different parts; and, near a town called Matapam, a very superior iron ore is abundantly obtained, which, looking at the price commanded by all foreign iron, might, it is believed, be made to yield very profitable results. On that part of the coast of Salvador, extending from Acajutla to Libertad, is collected the article known in commerce as the balsam of Peru—a name it erroneously received from having been first shipped to Callao, and thence transmitted to Europe.

The state of Honduras has an estimated population of 236,000, and, although possessing excellent

capacities both in soil and climate, is chiefly remarkable as a mining district. It contains gold and silver mines, long neglected, owing to the ruin and insecurity occasioned by constant revolutions. Lead and copper, also, in various combinations, as well as opals, emeralds, asbestos, and cinnabar. An abundance of timber and dye-woods is likewise presented, and vast herds of almost profitless cattle range over lands that are otherwise unoccupied.

Guatemala has a population of 600,000, and nearly all the surface of the state is mountainous. In point of salubrity, extent of available lands, and quality of the soil and climate, the finest field for European immigration is perhaps to be found in this quarter.

Maize and wheat (it is said) are abundant, and of superior quality; rice is excellent; the tropical fruits and vegetables are good, and in great variety; and the produce of leguminous plants is equal to the best of that grown elsewhere. All European fruits and garden-stuff grow kindly; and if the Indians, who are the only cultivators, were better instructed in the art of horticulture, they would be carried to an enviable degree of perfection; in fact, but few regions are so well endowed with the capabilities of producing all that ministers to the comforts as well as luxuries of life. Of things more important in a commercial view, cochineal at present holds the first rank; to which may be added cocoa, tobacco, sugar, coffee, silk, cotton, wool, and a numerous list of minor articles.

In glancing at these leading characteristics of the various states of Central America, the reader will speedily have arrived at the conclusion that, in the hands of Anglo-Saxon settlers, they would long ere this have ranked amongst the most beautiful and prosperous portions of the earth. But until now there has been work for the race in higher latitudes, and it will be from the present year that their rise will date. The nature and rapidity of that rise will, we believe, be such as has never yet been witnessed in any analogous case. Emigration from the United Kingdom has hitherto been confined to swarms of the poor, going out to fight the battle of life in untillied solitudes, where they might best enter upon it with unburthened limbs; and, although their progress has been wonderful, and they have caused cities and states to rise up as if by magic, there have still been rough elements in the whole proceeding which have left room for us to contemplate the possibility, under more favorable circumstances, of an equally rapid progress, coupled with a far higher and finer civilization. All separation of classes is bad, and the true system of emigration, where the temptations for it exist, is that where the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, go together. But the rich and intelligent will go only from choice, and they demand as inducements a brighter sky, a more genial climate, and facilities of communication. New Zealand, from its possession of the two first recommendations, has already attracted many, but its distance and solitariness are fatal objections. Central

America promises to fulfil every required condition. In a short time the active spirits from New York and Boston, who are even now infusing new life and hope into Jamaica, from merely calling at that island in their way, and stirring up its inhabitants to the resources at their feet, over which they have hitherto blindly moped, will have displaced the spirit of anarchy by that of enterprise. There will then be abundant work for the laborer, and temptations for all classes, even to the highest. The merchant can seek no broader field than one where he can deal with the meeting commerce of two worlds, together with every variety of teeming produce at his own door. The agriculturist, the fisherman, the miner, and the engineer, will likewise find greater stimulants and rewards than can be met elsewhere. The artist will be incited by scenery which, in its condensed grandeur and prolific beauty, from the mountain Ysalo in Salvador, which burns incessantly as a natural lighthouse on the Pacific, to the frosty table-lands of Guatemala, combines, like the soil and the climate of the country, every feature that is otherwise only to be witnessed by extended wanderings. The naturalist, the geologist, the astronomer, and the antiquarian, will here also have a new range; and the man of so-called leisure, who in his way unites the pursuits of all, will proportionably find the means of universal gratification.

And in the narrow confines which hold these advantages the people of every land and government are destined to meet on common terms. The Russian from Behring's Straits, the Chinaman, the African from Jamaica, the New Zealand sailor, the Dutchman from Java, and the Malay from Singapore, will mingle with the Mestizoes and Indians of the country, and each contribute some peculiar influence which will be controlled and tempered to the exaltation of the whole by the predominant qualities of the American, the Englishman, and the Spaniard. Is it too much to suppose, that under these circumstances a people may arise whose influence upon human progress will be of a more harmonious, and consequently of a more powerful, kind than has yet been told of?—that, starting at the birth of free-trade, and being themselves indebted to a universal commerce for their existence, they will constitute the first community, amongst whom restrictions will be altogether unknown; that, guaranteed in their independence by Great Britain and the United States, and deriving their political inspirations from a race amongst whom self-government is an instinct, they will practically carry out the peace doctrines to which older nations are only as yet wistfully approaching; that, aided and strengthened by the confiding presence of people of every creed, the spirit of Christian toleration will shine over all, and win all by the practical manifestation of its real nature; and, finally, that the union of freedom, wisdom and toleration may find its happiest results in the code of internal laws they may adopt, so that amongst them, on the luxuriant land hitherto made desolate by the sole principle of bloody retaliation,

the revengeful taking of human life may never be known ; and that they may be the first to solve the problem—if amongst those who profess Christ's doctrines it can be called a problem—of coupling the good and reformation of the offender with the improvement and safety of society, and the exercise towards both, not of a sentimental, but of a philosophical and all-pervading love !

From Sharpe's Magazine.

EGYPT AND ITS GOVERNMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEVANTINE FAMILY."

THE present political condition of Egypt is interesting to study in itself, and may hereafter prove a subject practically important to this country. A very complete change has lately taken place in the depositaries of authority, but time has scarcely been allowed for deciding how this change will manifest itself in the condition of the people at large. The speculations indulged in towards the close of the life of Mohammed Ali, must, in some respects, be at fault ; for the expected ordeal of military government under Ibrahim Pasha has been mercifully averted from the valley of the Nile.

Let us, however, for the better comprehension of our subject, transport ourselves back to the time when the sway of the celebrated viceroy had produced its ultimate results—when Egypt panted under the stationary atmosphere of a consolidated despotism ; for we shall thus have an idea of its present state, except that the guiding power is less firm, no new impulse having as yet been imparted. In a few words, we shall endeavor to sketch not the apparent but the real position of Egypt at that epoch. This distinction is important ; because those persons who have usually undertaken to give Europe the requisite information have almost purposely confined themselves to descriptions of institutions which certainly exist in name, but which have little more effect on the condition of the country than the Armenian college at Paris has upon the prosperity of Auvergne ; positively not so much as the India House exerts on the manners of London. The only writers we know who have avoided this method are M. Schælcher, and, at a more remote period, Mr. J. A. St. John. The latter traveller, it is true, enlarges on the European improvements of the Pasha ; but at that time they were in the full vigor of youth. In fifteen years, despite the constant renewal of the material aids, they died away by inches ; and, when we reached the country, resembled the dried-up stalks of exotic plants, carelessly thrown down by an ignorant gardener, in a soil, and beneath a climate, totally unfitted for them.

Setting all these things aside, as soon as their vanity appeared, we determined to ascertain what was the real action of the government. We looked first at the appearance of the people, and found that, as a rule, whilst enjoying the equivocal health and strength vouchsafed to most southern races, they were ill-clad, and, for the most part, evidently ill-fed. The exceptions occurred only in those cases where contact with Europeans afforded a sufficient explanation. Their huts were even more miserable than of yore ; and wretched mud villages were every day swallowing up the populations of the brick-built towns. Alexandria alone was increasing in size and population—the only sign of an increasing commerce which, in a healthy coun-

try, would have been accompanied by the increasing well-being of every Fellah even to the very southern frontier.

In a moral point of view it was equally evident that no improvement had taken place ; for we do not call improvement the extinction of the persecuting spirit, the absence of active bigotry. Travellers, of course, find this very convenient. They are charmed with their intercourse with a people whom they may order about as they please, and, if the spirit move them, insult and ill-treat without danger ; but they do not know, or choose to overlook, the fact, that this humility is the result of the crushing despotism which Mohammed Ali organized in the country. Education, properly speaking, is perfectly unknown. As of yore, a good many Arabs learn to read ; but their erudition is confined to some chapters of the Koran. A newspaper, partly in Turkish and partly in Arabic, is published at Cairo ; but its circulation is entirely a forced one among the officers in the Pasha's service, from whose pay the price is deducted. The best proof that the Egyptian mind remains stationary is, perhaps, that all the public offices almost are filled, as before, by lazy Turks, wily Armenians, and sneaking Copts.

These remarks, as the form in which they are made will imply, are as applicable now as they were during the period to which we more particularly refer—the latter years of Mohammed Ali's government. At that time we took especial care to observe in what way public business was carried on ; and the result was curious enough. Wherever indifferent matters were concerned, or it was desired to throw dust into the eyes of European visitors, all manner of forms were resorted to ; and it positively appeared at times that civilization had penetrated into the country. But, after all, the only really important occasions upon which an Egyptian comes in contact with power are in the administration of justice, and the levying of taxes. A few words on each of these subjects may be both amusing and instructive.

There exists, properly speaking, no law in Egypt. Every case is decided by what may be called ecclesiastical rules—that is to say, according to the Koran ; or by the arbitrary pleasure of the judge. I remember a curious circumstance, which will illustrate the danger of allowing English subjects to depend for protection on the laws of the country in which they may reside. A man was murdered on the Marina, in Alexandria. The watch found him lying in the middle of the street ; and, on examining the neighborhood, fell in with six sailors, landed to spend the evening from some Liverpool vessel. According to the laudable custom of our countrymen, they were all half-seas-over ; and being able to give no account of themselves, were taken, with much ill-treatment, to the house of the head of the police, and locked up, being accused of having stabbed the poor Arab whose body had been found. Next day our consulate claimed them ; and they were transferred to the British prison—a miserable hole, it is true, but a paradise to the poor fellows in comparison with an Arab lock-up. Here they amused themselves by a variety of attempts at escaping—whilst a careful investigation was set on foot. It was clear as noonday that they had nothing to do with the crime that had been committed ; but when a judicial decision to this effect had been given, the native government—indignant at the inefficient action of European justice—applied for the six men to be given up, in order that they might be

nabooked—that is, tortured with the stick into a confession.

Another case is equally characteristic. Some produce was stolen from a boat belonging to a Frank; and, a complaint being lodged, the crew of an Arab kanja were suspected of the delinquency. An inquisition, however, discovered not the slightest proof of guilt, which fact was announced to the consul of the complaining party in a letter from the *Ministre des Affaires Etrangères*—commonly called by the wags, the *Ministre des Etranges Affaires*—Artim Bey. “The innocence of the accused parties being manifest,” concluded this document, of which we obtained a copy, “it may seem hard to punish these poor wretches. However, in order that the desire of his highness, the viceroy, to act according to the laws of justice may shine with fulgence, the reis shall receive condign punishment.” The usual compliments followed; and the minister signed in full—no doubt perfectly persuaded that he had acted so as to secure respect and admiration. In spite of an answer to the effect that under the circumstances nothing was expected to be done, the poor *reis* (captain) fell a victim to an obstinate fit of love of justice, and was sentenced to the galleys for life!

A Trieste merchant forwarded to Egypt some cases of the best steel for sale. They were placed in the hands of a Muslim, who kept them for a long time without giving any account. At length, in answer to a strenuous remonstrance, he said he had been unable to sell; and sent back cases of bad iron cut of the same size. The fraud, being complained of, was denied. The Kadi was appealed to, and, without any serious examination of the affair, ordered the man to be beaten for thirty-nine minutes; so that he never properly recovered. No other redress could be obtained; but a representation was made to the viceroy on the barbarity of the punishment inflicted—which was so great that Europeans would be generally deterred from seeking redress for the future. The answer was that, as a reparation for the injured feelings of humanity, the judge should be awarded the same punishment. Complaint of one barbarity, therefore, only led to another.

This is the way in which justice is administered, even when Europeans are mixed up, in all cases where the influence of government is supposed to be compromised. When mere natives are concerned, there is no limit to the cruelties committed. The stick governs Egypt as well as China. Every other man seems to have been nabooked at least once; and wonderful is the apathy with which the awful infliction is borne. Death rarely ensues unless the blows are purposely calculated to produce that effect. The best known instance is that of a Coptic clerk, beaten to death *by order*, for a supposed error in his accounts, in presence of the Pasha and two European consuls; happily, not of first-rate standing. They represented Greece and Belgium.

When the government is not directly interested, a rough kind of justice is administered occasionally; but the system of bribes is carried to a very great extent. A man once murdered his wife, by throwing her down a well. Her parents seized the guilty husband and dragged him before the governor of Cairo. The case was so flagrant, the evidence so irresistible, that every one expected a capital condemnation. But no! if report be not a liar, the accused contrived to forward a promise of a large sum of money to the upright judge, and a

loophole was instantly formed for his escape. “The Koran saith,” quoth the upright judge, “that revenge for murder shall be sought by the nearest relation of the deceased. Doth the nearest relation demand blood?” “Yes,” cried the father of the poor woman. “I demand blood. I am the nearest relation.” “Not so,” replied the upright judge. “The nearest relative is the child of the woman, now two years old. When he cometh to a man’s estate, he may demand justice. Until then I dismiss the case.”

These facts, which might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, explain the astonishment and suppressed ridicule with which were received in Egypt the pedantic propositions of the French government, who demanded, before 1840, that Mohammed Ali should grant “a *charte*, a national representation, trial by jury, and all modern institutions.” At this price, it is said, they were ready to guarantee his absolute independence. After 1840, the agents of Louis Philippe, we are sorry to say, became as easy as they had before been puritanical; and we have seen a letter in which the French consul-general refused to interfere for the redress of an injury, because, on the eve of his departure for France, he did not wish to create an ill-feeling against himself in the Pasha’s mind.

A very few words will explain the fiscal arrangement of the Egyptian government. The principle in the collection of the revenue is to take from the people as much as possibly can be taken, no matter by what means. An able politician, long resident in the country, calculated that the fellahs pay ninety-five per cent. of the produce of their labor. This will easily be imagined, when we know that, from a population of less than two millions and a half, a sum exceeding £4,000,000 is annually got into the treasury. The taxes are levied by the governors of the provinces and their subordinates, who are all guilty of enormous robbery. No appeal is possible; and the result is that about three half pence per day is the average amount upon which the inhabitants of this rich country are reduced to live. The principle of *mutual responsibility*, invented for the Pasha, to their disgrace, by his French advisers, is rigidly applied. Neighbor pays for neighbor, village for village, district for district; so that the men or set of men whose backs and feet are well hardened, can shift off payment upon those who are more delicately constituted.

It may easily be imagined that, under such a system, much difficulty is experienced in keeping the population stationary, in spite of the proverbial love of the Arab for his village. Great blame has been thrown upon the English government for depriving Syria of the benefits of Mohammed Ali’s enlightened rule; but facts are stubborn things. The eastern provinces of Lower Egypt are absolutely depopulated by emigration to Syria; and if a slight relaxation of rigor had not taken place in them, they would soon have been converted into a desert. The province of Shargieh was once under the government of a certain Abderrahman Bey, who, finding difficulty in getting in the tribute, absolutely sawed many fellahs in two between planks, as an example to other tardy tax-payers. Fifty thousand people are said to have left Egypt and fled across the desert to escape from this awful rule; and it was thought prudent to sentence the Bey to the galleys for three years, especially as an opportunity was thus afforded for the confiscation of the wealth he had amassed. When his period had elapsed, the services of so good a collector were

again put in requisition in the same place; and whilst we were in Egypt, he left his chains at Abukir, and returned to the Shargieh with instructions to be a little less zealous for the future.

There is scarcely a fellah—that is, agricultural laborer—who would not, if he were able, leave the country to take refuge in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, where the mere agglomeration of men constitutes some protection from despotism. To put a stop to this process, very severe measures have been adopted. The peasant who escapes is flogged and sent back to his village, whilst the punishment of death is sometimes inflicted on the person who receives him. I remember an instance in which the presumed concealer of that contraband article, a peasant, was hanged before his own door. The representative of a European power, I believe of France, made a strong remonstrance, but too late. The justice of Mohammed Ali was expeditious. It turned out afterwards that an innocent person had been punished by mistake for the guilty one; whereupon the regenerator of Egypt mercifully remarked that one life was enough for one offence, and the real culprit got off scot-free.

The great viceroy's intellect began to decline some years before he was admitted to be totally incapable of holding the reins of government; and some very curious anecdotes might be related of his doings. But some of them are too Eastern, and others are tolerably well known. Towards the end of 1847, very unequivocal signs of madness manifested themselves, and in the month of June, 1848, it became necessary to put him under some restraint, and substitute a piece of pasteboard for the blade of his sword, which he sometimes wished to use against his own relatives. Great was the excitement among the political circles of Egypt. Two very well defined parties existed—one advocating the arranged succession of Ibrahim Pasha, the other predicting, and consequently desiring, that Abbas Pasha, upon the death of his grandfather, would make a bold stroke for the viceroyalty. Ibrahim, the seraskier, or generalissimo, as is well known, was supposed to stand in the same relation to Mohammed Ali that Eugène Beauharnais did to Napoleon. The genuine descendant, therefore, was persuaded that he had a better right. The claims of both were equivocal, so far as the interest of the country was concerned. Ibrahim, who had public opinion in Europe in his favor, had little else to recommend him. His qualities as a general, by no means of the first order, were not likely to stand him in much stead in the government of a country. On the contrary, his ambition was all military, and he showed a marked propensity to play at soldiers. It was true, he had exhibited some taste for agriculture, and possessed magnificent gardens and rich farms; but he could not be said to encourage industry of any kind. His character even exhibited itself in a worse light from this point of view than from any other. His lands, flourishing and verdant as they were, were always abodes of the profoundest misery. This arose partly from his having been also a manufacturer, paying his agricultural laborers in sugar and tarbooshes at an arbitrary value! He ruined a whole town by seizing on the inhabitants, and compelling them to enter his works. He was a hard master, and punished the slightest offences most unmercifully. Many respectable Turks might be seen at his palace at Koobbeh, near Cairo, working in chains. This private jurisdiction of the great peo-

ple of Egypt reminds one of the middle ages. Ibrahim and other folks high in rank had prisons of their own in Alexandria and Cairo; and hopeless, indeed, was the lot of whoever was thrust into them. To proceed—the seraskier was universally acknowledged to be sanguinary. We do not give examples, because the most characteristic are unrepeatable. It will be sufficient to say, that the women pronounced his name with a shudder, and invariably added the epithet, *Zalem*, "tyrant." This was a dreadful judgment in a country where Mohammed Ali was described by the people as, after all, "not a very bad man." Ibrahim affected European politeness, shaking hands, wearing tight breeches, and doing many things in a Frankish style, quite disgusting to the Moslems; but he was only a cruel and debauched Turk, a little Frenchified in externals.

Abbas Pasha "enjoyed" also a very bad character for debauchery, but, had he tried, could not have surpassed his uncle. He was said not to be cruel, and has since not given any proof that this good opinion was unfounded. He delighted chiefly in horses, and his challenge to the Jockey Club is well known. Ram-fighting, also, he considered a great amusement; and he would shake his enormous paunch and roar with pleasure at every exploit of the horned combatants. Some people, wiser than their neighbors, maintained that all this was deep policy, and that, whilst leading apparently a frivolous life, Abbas was organizing a deep conspiracy among the bigoted part of the Turks to oust Ibrahim in case of the viceroy's death. When we were in Cairo we heard much talk of these doings, and plausible enough were the reasons brought forward in favor of the project. In the first place, it was said, with some truth, the celebrated arrangement concluded after the Syrian war, by which the succession was to pass down through Ibrahim, had not in reality been guaranteed by England. All depended on the mere promise of the sultan; and this promise might be set aside for political reasons. The seraskier was known to be profoundly hated by the people, and was suspected, moreover, of wishing to make some arrangement with the French, (perhaps the cession of Alexandria or some fort commanding it,) in order to procure the recognition of his independence. On these and other grounds it was thought probable that if the sultan refused the investiture to the supposed son of Mohammed Ali, and bestowed it upon his real grandson, there would be but a nominal violation of faith.

For our part, although we preferred a government on pure Turkish principles, such as was expected from Abbas Pasha, to a bad imitation of French centralization, we looked with indifference upon all those intrigues, being perfectly convinced that ever since the word *amelioration* was first sounded in Egypt, the cart had been systematically put before the horse, and that all the schemes of improvement that had been constructed, owed their origin to speculators who did not know or did not care where the shoe pinched. Every man believed that there was nothing like leather. The engineer proposed the introduction of machinery and the construction of such works as the Barrage; the soldier recommended a regular army; some insisted on the utility of manufactures, others on the introduction of cotton; canals were the great panacea of one man, railroads of another. All these things were very good—most excellent in a special point of view, except the military establishment. The

great mistake was, that they could not be introduced under the barbarous auspices of Mohammed Ali, without absolutely crushing the staple industry of the country—agriculture. Every innovation threw whole districts out of cultivation, and, whilst public works multiplied on all sides, the population visibly diminished. Had any solid results been obtained, we might perhaps have justified in some respects all these fine doings. But the machinery when once imported is generally allowed to rust and go to pieces; the army is transformed into a huge gang of half-paid forced laborers; the Barrage, three times commenced, is abandoned; and so on. The country is covered with fields that ask for laborers, and are gradually disappearing under the encroaching desert. The diminished population cannot even now glean a sufficient subsistence from the fertile plains that remain, but wander, like Australian savages, amidst the richest crops in the world.

The remedy for all this misery is easy enough, but no reasonable plans are attended to in Egypt. Perhaps this is why they are so rarely made. Mohammed Ali listened only to the anachronisms which filled the conversation of his French friends. They proposed to destroy the cataracts in order to facilitate the navigation of the Nile, to deepen the bed of the river, (which shifts every year,) to enlarge the ports and harbors, and to introduce a vast system of canalization, to establish model farms, schools of design, colleges, universities, and what not. All these grand projects were to be carried out by means of additional taxation. Nobody ever condescended to reflect whether the country could bear the slightest increase of its burdens without absolutely perishing; much less did it occur to any one that all these improvements should begin with the fellahs themselves. They should be, not forced, but encouraged to develop the resources of the land. Instead of being weighed down by taxes, they should be assisted in a manner proportioned to their knowledge and their intellects. Instead of being oppressed and dazzled by the prodigious superiority of Europeans, they should be incited to trust in themselves, to improve by slow degrees, to perfect gradually their own agricultural implements and modes of cultivation. A vast amount of labor is thrown away in Egypt by the miserable means employed to raise water: a few steam-engines here and there would have done incalculable service, as would indeed an improved water-wheel, the present one wasting at least one third of the quantity raised each turn. All attempts to graft European civilization on Egypt have hitherto failed. Could not an Egyptian civilization be developed? "Reduced taxation" would be our great panacea; spend less in costly importations of carriages, jewels, and machinery doomed to rust; burn the fleet, dismiss the army, entice new settlers instead of driving away the old: abolish especially the capitation tax. Above all, let no magistrate or governor have anything to do with levying money; establish a revenue department, send all the Copts to the plough, and if you employ Europeans on anything, employ them in this branch. Have English collectors, with Arabs under them, if you raise direct taxes at all—if the revenues of the port of Alexandria do not suffice to defray all legitimate expenses. An honest governor, with a firm character, acting on these principles, would soon raise Egypt to a state of unexampled prosperity, a state on which she would not look back with regret to the most brilliant period of the Pharaohs.

From the Examiner.
Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey. By
AUBREY DE VERE. Two vols. Bentley.

WHATEVER could be said about Greece by flippancy or pedantry has been said long ago, and repeated *usque ad nauseam*; but it is something to have a scholar and a poet talk to us of such a theme, and we remember no travel more agreeable than this which we have had in company with Mr. de Vere. The learned man is not always shrewd or observant; the shrewd man is seldom picturesque or poetical; and the poet is apt to take us into cloud-land, far away from the land he is visiting. But learning and shrewdness, and, in his mode of regarding the past, a spirit both practical and poetical, make Mr. de Vere a delightful traveller through memorable scenes. We place his book incomparably above every other on the special subject which we can at this moment call to recollection.

Mr. de Vere sailed through the Ionian Islands (of which his account is on the whole more favorable than that of previous travellers;) and from Patras, calling at the village of Corinth as he passes, finds his way to Athens, where he lingers with a scholar's enthusiasm. To the Acropolis and its majestic ruins two chapters are devoted; the city old and new, and such varied visitings as to the farm of Plato and a peasant's festival, or to the prison of Socrates and a ball at the palace, occupy the next three chapters; and three more are given to Marathon, Eleusis, and the Peiræus. Other chapters then describe Epidaurus, and Nauplia, with the remarkable scenery in the intervening valley; others, the ruins of Tirynthus, Argos, and Mycenæ; and others an expedition to Delphi. Mr. de Vere afterwards went by steamer from Corfu to Constantinople; and, with his residence in the latter city, an excursion up the Bosphorus, some amusing adventures characteristic of the modern, and classical associations illustrative of the ancient, capital of the East, his book closes.

This brief summary shows that its plan is in some respects original, almost common-place as its subject has become. There is no want, in it, of a lively appreciation of the present; and some of its incidental notices of modern life, contained in glimpses of English tourists and fellow-travellers, or in strange grafts of modern manners on what remains of the ancient stock, are admirably done. But, in regard to the past and its associations, it will be observed, Mr. de Vere selected points seldom taken by ordinary travellers, and little likely, even if taken by such, to awaken understanding or enthusiasm in them. From excessively learned people, who know about as much of the ancient Greeks as oil and color men may know of ancient pictures, or from excessively superficial ones, who carry about their pockets dictionaries and Gradusies, we could have nothing like the careless yet noble ease which in a few touches builds up for us here again the Acropolis of Athens, revivifies the plains of Argos, and of Marathon, and lets in light from

poetry and history upon the mysteries of Eleusis and of Delphi. For the point of view, as we have intimated, is not that of scholarship exclusively, but of scholarship as reason and poetry enliven and exalt it. No doubt objections might fairly be taken to the length of some of Mr. de Vere's descriptions, to the rhetorical construction of some of his sentences, and here and there to a little exaggeration and dogmatism in the tone and expression of his opinions. But a stronger feeling masters the disposition in us to start any such objections, or dwell upon them. We prefer to show by a few brief extracts, however imperfectly, the kind of merit in thought and descriptions which soon fixed our attention to the book till we had read every line of it.

How well said, of the small state of Greece, is this :

How wonderful was the variety of polities exhibited in that narrow compass ! As if Greece, in its political relations, had been intended to present an epitome of Europe, as Europe does of the world, there exists no form of government, theocratical, monarchical, or republican, aristocratic, democratic, or military, of which her little states did not furnish examples. As if also the history of Greece had been destined to constitute a compendium of all history, these various forms of government were now allowed a gradual development, now brought into sudden antagonism, and now suffered to change into each other, or to combine their several elements in the most various proportions. Not only was Greece providentially built up into a University in which all nations were to be trained in scientific lore, and an academy in which the Arts were to find a perpetual asylum, but it became also a theatre in which human society rehearsed all its parts, and a treasure-house in which history was to preserve its archives and store its lessons. To be familiar with the annals of Greece is to understand the philosophy of history. Compared with it the records of most other communities are but a chronicle of accidents. In it is contained essentially the inner history of each. On that history we look down as on a map ; and it becomes intelligible to us because it lies in a narrow limit, and is illuminated by a wide and steady light. All that can take place intellectually or morally on the globe is but an expansion of the struggles that may take place in a single breast. The history of a man is the history of a race ; the history of a race is the history of a world ; but, in proportion as the horizon is widened, our eyes are bewildered, and clouds obscure the scene. The history of human society, epitomized in that of Greece, is instructive to us because it is condensed, and because, in shaking off the sophism of prolixity and the perplexities of detail, it stands before us idealized. Greece, considered politically and morally, is like the tent in the eastern tale, which, when folded, could be carried on a man's shoulder, and, when opened, could shelter an army.

But we rather desire to show, by the extracts we take, in what way Mr. de Vere adapts reflections suggested by the past to present conditions and interests. On the plain of Marathon, for example, he delivers himself of a lecture on war, which would have sounded somewhat strangely

in Paul's Kirk at Frankfort the other day, as well to General Haynau as to Mr. Cobden.

The progress of nations resembles that of individual men. In the history of individuals the severest trials notoriously supply the noblest opportunities ; and the progress of years is often made in the brief effort necessary to withstand some extraordinary temptation, or subdue some external difficulty. Such are the compensations accorded in the moral world. Not less remarkable are those which belong to the political. That roused energy with which a nation preserves its independence from foreign aggression, or redeems it when lost, carries it far across the frontier which it defends. Once taught the might that is latent in the human heart, it trusts itself, and that might is doubled. Every citizen, knowing that the eyes of all are upon him, labors as though the energies of all were compassed in his single breast—a whole nation becomes charged with that spirit which vivifies human hearts as a thunder storm is said to vivify the germs of vegetable life ; and, moving as one man, multiplies its power a thousand fold by union. When the sword has done its work, enterprise and enthusiasm still demand their objects, and the intellect leaps from its sheath.

Marathon was not a glorious field alone ; it was more useful than ever yet was factory, railway, or the richest land that Holland has snatched from the sea. There are many persons who rejoice in the prospect of a time when wars will be rendered impossible by the close commercial relations which, as they anticipate, must one day bind nation with nation. I cannot say that this seems to me a very profound philosophy. Wars spring from the bad passions of men ; and if they could be prevented by a gradual subjugation of such disturbing forces, no doubt there would then be much cause to rejoice in so auspicious a change. It does not follow, however, that nations would be the better if wars were suppressed by a merely external hindrance, such as the inconvenience of interference with trade. In the first place, a prolonged peace, thus artificially maintained, would probably produce internal discontents by denying the passions their natural outlet, and would thus promote that worst species of war, the civil war of class against class. In the second place, it would probably prevent a nation from recognizing its great men, or even perceiving its need of greatness, whether hereditary, elective, or self-asserted. It is through its fears that a people feels love and reverence ; and it is through external dangers that it is reminded that it has external relations. Without marked and definite external relations a nation does not properly exist as such. It may exist as a populace, and then it is like a herd of wolves ; or as a people, and then it is an ox grazing in deep meads, and pacific, except when molested by the gad-fly ; but it must have practical external bearings before it is elevated into that beautiful and brave war-horse, a nation, and taught to glory in bridle and spur, and to " clothe its neck in thunder." It is only when it has graduated as a nation that a race completes its being, consummates its work, brings forth its perfect fruits of action, passion, thought, its arts and its sciences, as well as that great and scientific heroic poem, the hierarchy of an orderly society, ever changing, yet ever preserving its continuity.

As little philosophical does it seem to me, whether we regard the history of Greece or of any other country, to associate war merely with images

of barbarism, violence or folly. There is more of the pedagogue than of the thinker in this comprehensive view of the matter. It is not borne out by fact. Dr. Johnson may affirm Alexander or Cæsar to have been no better than a robber on a large scale; but he could hardly deny that these remarkable specimens of the robber kind were often influenced by exalted motives, and inspired by the noblest intellects accorded to man (if we except the first class of contemplative minds;) that heroism went beside them in their march, and that civilization, religion, the triumphs of humanity, and the great designs of Providence, followed in their train. Had Britain repulsed Cæsar, the effort might perhaps have made it a nation: its failure affords us some grounds for concluding that it was better for her to become part of a great empire, which governed its dependencies wisely, than to preserve its savage independence. The failure of Xerxes, on the other hand, abundantly proves that he had no true vocation to be a conqueror of Hellas. The attempt was not, therefore, without consequences. His 400,000 soldiers turned out to be but an embassy sent to inform the Greeks that it was time for them to be up and doing; that "arts, though imagined, yet to be," demanded their birth; and that, ere long, there would be need of the philosopher who trained up Alexander. Even aggressive wars are not mere evils, reprehensible as they undoubtedly are, and with whatever sufferings they may be attended. For every such war there is a war of defence also; and such a war calls out and exercises all the nobler parts of our nature, patriotism, courage, the enthusiasm that takes a man out of himself and breaks through the chains of conventional littleness, the ardor that unites him to a great cause, the strong human feeling that makes him value blessings which he has discovered to be precarious, and all those manlier virtues which must perish if they be not employed, and in the absence of which man becomes a soft, effeminate, mechanical being, equally incapable of elevated thought and of genuine action. In fine, without denying that wars are evils, it is no paradox to maintain that we should be worse without them, unless we could rise above them; and that for a moral disease, none but a moral could be the genuine cure. They are a part of man's chequered lot here below; and the vicissitudes to which they expose man are better than the dust and ashes of a Chinese civilization. Human wars, no more than human loves, proceed merely from impulses common to man and the inferior races; they have their nobler as well as their inferior part:—for just indignation and vengeance, as well as mercy and love, have their antitypes above; and even in the unjust there is commonly a mixture of erring aspiration and right principle misapplied.

Take another instance in a remark suggested by a portion of the ruins of the Acropolis.

I was much impressed on observing in the wall, at one side of the Acropolis, fragments of fluted columns, inserted as building stones, as well as pieces of cornice, triglyphs and metopes, with, here and there, broken fragments of sculpture. We are reminded of men more vividly by the accidental obstacles with which they had to contend than by the labors which, without let or hindrance, embodied designs conceived in the stillness of thought. Themistocles was brought before me with the strength of reality as my eye fell on this part of the fortress, and I remembered that he had

been compelled by the necessities of the time to build in haste, using as materials whatever came to hand, especially the fragments of the temple of Minerva, overthrown by the Persians, and replaced by the Parthenon. The greatest works of human genius have thus been ever in part extempore and occasional works. They have been rooted in the need of the hour, though their blossom renews itself from year to year; and to the end of time with their philosophical or artistic work an historical interest is blended. Men of ambitious imaginations retire into their study, and devise some "*magnum opus*" which, like the world itself, is to be created out of nothing, and to hang self-balanced on its own centre:—after much puffing, however, the world which they produce is apt to turn out but a well-sized bubble. Men of another order labor but to provide for some practical need; and their work, humble, perhaps occasional in its design, is found to contain the elements that make human toils indestructible. Homer sang, no doubt, in part to kindle patriotism among his countrymen, in part to amuse his village audience, and in part to procure a good night's lodging, as he wandered on Grecian and Asiatic shores; but the great Idea of his song was stout enough notwithstanding to fight its way through all obstructions, and to orb itself out into completeness. Shakspeare wrote in part for practical objects of a less elevated nature; Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity was intended to compose the strifes of the time; and Burke's great work on the French Revolution was but thrown out as a bastion to protect the British citadel from French jacobinism; although, working in haste and prodigal of his wealth, he inserted into it many a passage of poetry or philosophy too good for its place—passages in one sense as misapplied as the fragments of sculpture in the wall of Themistocles.

Mr. de Vere has a hopeful philosophy, and amid the signs and tokens of Eastern decay has no faith but in progress as the inevitable law. Were we disposed to argument or objection, however, we might probably tax him here with a slight inconsistency, in what he remarks of the possible future destiny of the Greek language, and in his desire to see Athens again possessed of the sculpture of which she has been despoiled, and as far as possible rebuilt as of old. Surely it suffices that the influences of the ancient country and language have been hitherto indestructible, and should promise to be immortal.

None of these countries perished without leaving to the world a great inheritance:—it is on their bequests that we live, and out of their ruins that our social structures have been built. The old Latin adage, that a serpent is powerless till he has eaten a serpent, might be applied to nations. Every nation which has vindicated to itself any true greatness has absorbed, either politically, or morally and intellectually, some nation that had preceded it. The Greek intellect absorbed and assimilated all that was most valuable in the political and philosophic lore of nations further to the east, except Palestine. Rome, in turn, absorbed Greece; and Roman law with Teutonic manners, (both fused together by the vital heat of Christianity,) built up the civilization of Mediaeval Europe. The European commonwealth thus inherited all that antiquity and the East had done and thought:—America inherits us. It was Bishop Berkely who recorded

in verse the fact that civilization has ever rolled on in one great wave from the east to the west. Did he prophesy truly when he said "Time's noblest conquest is his last?" Time only can answer. In the meanwhile how nearly has the wave of civilization gone round the world! When it has reached its western limit, what will remain for it but that, rolling still forward, it should burst again on the shores of the eastern world? It is in vain, I suspect, that we send our missionaries and our books *backward* to the east. A retrograde course is not allowed us. On the other hand, what new morning is not destined to burst over the world, when, the first great revolution completed, the second commences, and from populous cities and flourishing states on the shore of the Pacific, the great and developed European Mind breaks in sudden dawn upon the land of Confucius?

Our two last extracts shall be descriptive: and first for an Albanian guide, a dandy, who travelled with a portmanteau full of precious and gold-bezined suits.

One of our guides, bolder than the rest, pushed his mule into the water at the shallowest place he could find. The animal, as I soon perceived, carried the precious portmanteau of our Albanian guide. The quick eye of Elias had made the discovery sooner still, and he called on the man to stop. His appeal not being at once attended to, he pulled out a pistol, and pointed it at the recusant, who lost as little time as possible in returning. "What would you have done," I said, "if he had gone on?" "I shoot him dead," was the reply, "he float down to the sea, and no one know; what harm?" I think he would have kept his word. Nothing, however, could be more obliging and good-humored than his general demeanor; he never was tired of singing songs, and telling us stories of his adventures in various parts of the East, for he had been a great traveller. We were perpetually amused by the vivacity with which he remarked on everything that occurred, and the shamelessness with which he praised himself for his sense, spirit, and address, whether shown in defeating a plot or in telling a lie. Whatever he might do, he was alike proud of the achievement; and sometimes put me in mind of the Homeric heroes, who, if they had no victory to glory in, boasted that "their swift feet had delivered them from black death and hateful Orcus." Never have I seen a fellow of a nobler presence. He might have supplied a sculptor with a model for an Apollo; his hands were as finely made as a woman's, his features were perfectly symmetrical, his black piercing eye had that roundness which, in the ancient fresco of the head of Achilles, so marvellously unites the expression of human intellect with the audacious passion of the animal, and his step seemed to spurn the earth he trod on. His language was a strange jargon of all tongues. Why we did not speak modern Greek he could not understand. Wherever he went, as he assured us, at the end of a week, he spoke the language "faster than the natives." That he spoke it well enough to be understood I do not doubt, for he was always ready to try at anything; and, as my friend and I conversed, I observed that his quick eye glanced from us at the objects we regarded, suggesting to him, no doubt, the names of those objects.

To which we subjoin this charming description

of one of the inmates of a Turk's harem, into which Mr. de Vere found his way by help of a very curious adventure.

The favorite wife was a Circassian, and a fairer vision it would not be easy to see. Intellectual in expression she could hardly be called; yet she was full of dignity, as well as of pliant grace and of sweetness. Her large black eyes, beaming with a soft and stealthy radiance, seemed as if they would have yielded light in the darkness; and the heavy waves of her hair, which, in the excitement of the tumultuous scene, she carelessly flung over her shoulders, gleamed like a mirror. Her complexion was the most exquisite I have ever seen; its smooth and pearly purity being tinged with a color, unlike that of flower or of fruit, of bud or of berry, but which reminded me of the vivid and delicate tints which sometimes streak the inside of a shell. Though tall, she seemed as light as if she had been an embodied cloud, hovering over the rich carpets like a child that does not feel the weight of its body; and though stately in the intervals of rest, her mirth was a sort of rapture. She, too, had that peculiar luxuriousness of aspect, in no degree opposed to modesty, which belongs to the East: around her lips was wreathed, in their stillness, an expression at once pleasurable and pathetic, which seemed ever ready to break forth into a smile: her hands seemed to leave with regret whatever they had rested on, and in parting to leave something behind; and in all her soft and witching beauty she reminded me of Browning's lines—

No swan-soft woman, rubbed in lucid oils,
The gift of an enamored god, more fair.

We ought to have mentioned that Mr. de Vere gives us a more favorable impression of the modern Greek character than on the whole we should have expected to receive, though he does not conceal its vices, and above all its master vice of fickleness and falsehood; but of the Turks he has no hope whatever. He appears to have seen nothing in that country at all likely to interfere with the doom to which it is inevitably hastening.

Religious Scepticism and Infidelity; their History, Cause, Cure, and Mission. By John Alfred Langford.

This is an endeavor to trace the origin of scepticism in all ages to the corruptions of religion; and to show how the attacks of infidelity contribute to religious reform, and to establish the truth of revealed religion, by the champions called forth in its defence, and the close inquiry into its evidence thus instituted. The investigation of the subject involves a brief survey of the history of religion and the churches, the materials for which are readily accessible; and Mr. Langford seems to have drawn from ready sources. The style has a sort of provincial inflatedness, such as distinguishes many Americans, many sectarians and many Irishmen, and is neither very difficult to acquire, nor by any means so impressive as the writers seem to imagine. The value of the book must lie in its views of the end of the present beginning—what is to follow from the religious movement, and the equivocal position of the Anglican Church; and that view does not appear very masterly or prophet-like.—*Spectator.*

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Gaspard had confessed to his father the extent of his debts, the latter declared, with violent anger, that no resolution of his should be broken for the whim of an extravagant fool. Gaspard should live on what would have been his without the prospect of succeeding to Gauntry. It was a slight proof for a son to give of his willing obedience. The debt should be paid by Meredith out of his own income—at a great inconvenience, certainly, but yet it should be paid, and not one coin should come from the revenues of Gauntry. The son and father separated, with a curse and a blow on one side, and tears on the other; and Meredith from that hour had applied himself entirely to the liquidation of Gaspard's debts, and in this he was assisted by the meek and uncomplaining Ellinor.

As for Meredith, he had always detested society. Full, from his youth, of ignorant and hard prejudices, he had contentedly clung to one idea for seventeen years, in which all those prejudices found their vent and satisfaction, and consequently the life he led in the Cathedral Close, defying and defied, was the very one to make his obstinacy become more and more adamantine, as years rolled over a head grown gray with care and time.

To pay off this heavy debt of Gaspard from his own resources, and before the expiration of the term, was, indeed, hardly possible, without reducing his daughter and himself to abject poverty for the time. This, however, was no obstacle in Meredith's way. He wished to show his perfect independence of the lands and revenues of Gauntry, and, before many months had passed, it became rumored in Salisbury that the Merediths lived on bread and cheese, for a strict inquiry had been instituted among the butchers of the town, and it was a certain fact that no meat entered the house of Meredith for weeks; that Ellinor washed her own clothes was also ascertained; and, at last, one lady triumphantly proclaimed at Boscombe that they had had no puddings for two months, for she had watched the progress of egg-shells down the gutter of their back-yard, and, whereas she had been in the habit of seeing five and six float down in the cool of the day, she now saw *none*; and she had every reason to suppose that Meredith had become a miser as well as a murderer, and that his daughter was worn to death by his wild, wicked ways. In this the lady was wrong, however. Ellinor clung with a romantic desperation to the parent whom she loved through good and evil report. There were times when she would like to have challenged all injurious and slanderous tongues to give their verdict and their reasons; but these bursts of impatience were few, and day after day she held firmly to the line of duty she had laid out for herself—to suffer and work for her father in composed silence. The viscountess had made her point. She had triumphed over her enemies, and she was surrounded by a strong band of flatterers and friends; but she had yet her Mordecai at the gate, for the strong voice and iron hand of the law proclaimed Meredith rightful heir of Gauntry, and gave him the undisputed entrance to the home of her lost son.

She dreaded, above all things, the influence that Gaspard might obtain among the people she had once ruled as her own. She felt restlessly jealous to follow his steps, and prevent his acquiring the love and respect of the peasantry of Merioneth.

She determined to follow him there, and six weeks after she had made this resolution she prepared to put it in execution, by ordering that the old family mansion situated in the town of Caerglynn might be made ready for her, as she intended to reside there for a twelvemonth.

This old house was placed in the centre of one of the oldest towns in Wales. It had been always the appanage of the dowagers of the Meredith family, but no dowager had used it since the beginning of the last century, on account of its gloomy and inconvenient character; and it was, therefore, with much surprise that the inhabitants of the town and county heard that Lady Meredith was coming to reside there in preference to Boscombe, which was, every one knew, a commodiously-splendid dower-house.

Gaspard, meanwhile, had gone to Gauntry, bowed down with shame and contrition, feeling unworthy to take his place among his equals, and resolved to make the amends most likely to be thought of by a romantic and chivalrous character. He meant to live by the work of his hands—unknown, secluded from observation, and at the same time make every effort to discover the truth of the wild tales that still form the subject of many a legend and lyric of Cambrian verse.

He approached his property on an evening when sumptuous sunshine was glittering over the woods, when the oaks, with their branching arms still adorned with the yellow leaves of the latter autumn days, looked like huge golden chandeliers, so lustrous was the amber light shed that evening on the lonely woodlands.

It was on the shore that Gaspard found a cottage where the host was willing to admit him as a lodger, and very pleasant was the spot where Owen Gryfith dwelt. From his door you could see the blue and silver gleam of the sea, and hear its mighty and patriarchal voice singing to itself in its wide loneliness, while beneath lay a rim of delicate sand, and above and around the cliff was dressed to the very edge with short elastic turf, where, on summer nights and autumn afternoons, the sound of the harp and voice made the echoes merry—when boys and girls, young men and young women, met to revive the expiring memories of ancient song and dance. Gryfith was one of the keenest supporters of the antique ways of Wales, and no one dared mention in his presence the name of the powerful Methodist preachers who were dealing there daily such severe blows at the trembling forms of ancient superstitions and pleasures. In his house all classes met to recite the old legends, that had been handed down from father to son since the days of independence. On the green edge of the cliff they sat on the singing-eves, when ballad, and song, and rhyme brought back to earth again the spirit of the bardic times; and on Sundays the young men of the neighborhood met there to join in the “chwareupgaur,” trials of strength—a practice more preached against by the Methodistic crusade than any other, as the most dangerous and disgraceful remains of heathenish superstition. In short, on that wild spot, not ten miles from the castle of Gauntry, shone, as it were, the parting gleam of the setting sun of olden times. Every one said that with Gryfith would expire the last spark of truly national feeling. Gaspard engaged himself as an assistant to Gryfith in keeping the accounts

of his farm, in teaching his son the rudiments of Latin and other parts of education; and for these services Gaspard was to receive a sum sufficient to keep him off his father's hands, as he was to live with Gryffith, and, of course, at his cost.

Gaspard's pupil was a boy of ten. He was intelligent and gentle, and the tutor found that his power was immediately felt and recognized as that of a superior being. No one suspected Gaspard in his disguise under the assumed name of Mr. Evans, and the rest of the autumn passed on quietly and happily, while Gaspard did his duty uncomplainingly and diligently. Often did he hear his own story made the subject of conversation and song, for the tale had been woven into rhyme; and as he sat one evening on the shore alone, inhaling the air from the water that rose as the breath of a sea-god to his face, he heard for the first time a faint chorus of young girls' voices joining in a chant, and the words that were repeated over and over again were, "Alas, and alas for Meredith!"

It was in vain, meanwhile, that the viscountess tried to find out the spot where he lived. No one knew him, and she began to think that she had been deceived. However, she was glad to find herself in Wales once more, and she soon gathered round her the influence of the county; and the lamentations for the lost heir were again renewed by high and low, for all refused to believe him dead. He would return—yes, he would return; like the Arthur of the Round Table, he would return! That vague belief in the return of a heroic spirit in the body has pervaded all lands. The men of Rutli sleep in their cave, biding their time; the Mexican Montezuma is still reproached for his tardy awakening; and the poor Indian for ages has knelt to the setting sun, and told his god, in mournful reproval, that their hero has not returned to his expecting people.

It was in the spring of the following year that a great meeting was held on the first Sunday in May at the home of Gryffith. Numbers came over the hills to see the feats of strength, to hear the songs, and join in the good cheer of the festival. Gaspard was anxious to witness the entertainment, for he left no opportunity unimproved which might lead him to detect the truth of his father's history. He had become a great favorite among the people for his gentle and active kindness and benevolence, and Gryffith treated him with the familiarity of an old friend, little thinking that the accounts he cast up for him were, in fact, destined for his own, or rather his father's purse, at last.

This festival was to be peculiarly splendid, for it was to be attended by several characters distinguished for their talents and poetic powers. The most celebrated bard of the time, who from his enchanting and imaginative powers had acquired the name of Gwydion ap Don, was to be at the rendezvous, and he was to recite a chant he had composed and set to music on the subject of the loss of Lord Meredith. This celebrated man was to come accompanied by others, who were to perform an interlude on some popular subject; and on the "nosweithian canu"—the Saturday singing night—these performances were to take place.

Numbers of the peasantry arrived by break of day. They came trooping over the dewy hills; the lark was up in the sky, and the morning rose glowing over the mountains as band after band of country people appeared on the paths leading from Gauntry and Caerglynn.

At noon, a company of players proceeded to set

up their stage. These primitive children of Thespis required not many preparations, and a wide circle of spectators soon gathered round the spot of their exhibition.

Meredith sat near a pretty girl in a hat and blue riding-dress. She had ridden from Caerglynn that day, and had much to tell of the viscountess and Mr. Powyss. Mr. Powyss was the object that divided public attention with the dowager. He was one of the most earnest and impressive of the Methodist teachers. He had acquired a great and a saving influence, as some said, on the minds of the people; and this influence he exerted to try and put down the wild superstition of the people, who still clung fondly to the romantic customs of their forefathers, and from whose character it was almost impossible to eradicate the love of national amusements.

Gaspard had felt for many months the full weight of these objections to the continuance of the sports of Sunday, and the lax discipline of the people consequent thereon; but in his heart he loved the ways of the olden times, the seraph tongue of tradition had a strong spell for a mind like his, and he loved to lose the sense of the present in the picturesque and romantic past. Before the interlude began he cast his eyes round on the purple hills, the blue and silver sea, the white land of the bay kissed by the delicate lips of tiny waves on that day of still sunshine, and on the motley crowd assembled to see the play, whose title was written on a black-board, in letters of red and white chalk—"The Return of Glyn Meredith." As Gaspard heard the words repeated in clear tones by a voice at his side, he looked round and saw, not far from the speaker, a form and face which at once fixed his attention as being the most repulsive he had ever beheld in his life. It was the figure of a man in the prime of life—stout, strong, with brilliant hair, eyes, and teeth, but in whose countenance could be traced the idiotic malice of a low and detestable nature. He was dressed in a style common at the time, but in his hat he had stuck a plume taken from a peacock's tail, and with the gravity of a sane man of fashion he sat eying the preparations for the play, and now and then gibbering and moaning as if unable to speak. Gaspard saw that he was deaf and dumb when Gryffith addressed him by signs, and, on finding that he lived near Gauntry, he determined to approach him, and endeavor to gain some information from him if possible. He found, however, that there was no vacant space near the object of his curiosity; and, indeed, he was soon completely occupied himself in watching the proceedings of the dramatic company before him. The piece was divided into two parts, and the first of these represented the disappearance of the young heir. A boy dressed in a lady's powdered wig, and a sacque of faded velvet, with tawdry trimmings, took the part of the mother. Gwydion ap Don took that of the young heir, and the play opened with a scene in which she tried in vain to prevent his going to the hunt, and in his reply he described in glowing terms the pleasures of the chase. He bade her farewell, and a new actor came on the stage. This was the cruel Heir of Gauntry, who persuaded him by flattery and pretended fondness to accompany him to a remote valley; and Gaspard was surprised to find how the coarse scene became gradually a perfect illusion, from the truthful performance of the principal player. The brilliant joyousness of the young man's countenance was in itself a picturesque pleasure to look on, and Gaspard, as the second act com-

menced, was surprised to feel his heart beating with anxiety, fear, and growing sympathy. As he cast his eyes round he saw the face of his pretty little neighbor beaming with a like desire to see the conclusion, and further on he saw the wild countenance and flaming eyes of the deaf and dumb man he had noticed before. The play proceeded, and the two actors appeared. They sat down together, and the younger of the two began to speak of the chances of the hunt, and of the day's sport. His heart seemed overflowing with pleasure and kindly feeling, but the eyes of Gaspard were fixed on the other performer. His blood ran cold as he saw the assassin preparing to strike his unsuspecting companion. The vision seemed to change into a horrible reality! Cold drops of horror and anguish stood on his brow, and when at last the murderer sprung at his victim's throat, Meredith started trembling from his seat. As he did so he heard at his side a scream of insane excitement, and he saw the dumb man, in a state of delirium, flinging up his arms in the air, venting himself in inarticulate yells; and as the struggle proceeded, louder and louder became the screams of Llewellyn, which were drowned, however, in the loud and vehement applause that followed the fall of Lord Meredith. The beauty and truth of the performance no man could see unmoved, and the trial of strength had taken the tone of a match of wrestlers, a sight peculiarly agreeable to the rude audience around. When this scene was over, Llewellyn sunk down listless on the ground and appeared exhausted, for he rose no more until the play was over.

The third part gave full scope to the musical powers of the Welsh minstrel. He was supposed to be incarcerated for twenty-five years, (unity was disregarded,) and the piece concluded with his return, and the heir appearing at his castle-gate in the disguise of a humble harper, and into this portion of his part the performer threw all the poetic pathos of his bardic nature.

The clear enunciation of every word, the change from the mournful to the tender, and the rise into the high, clear triumph of victorious return, filled the heart of Gaspard with rapture and admiration. He shed tears of pleasure, and he applied the words of Hope to himself as a good omen. He turned to look on the face of the dumb man, but he had disappeared suddenly.

The evening had concluded with a late revel, and Meredith left the excited and drinking crowd at a late hour to wander for a time on the cool shore, whence he could hear the voice of singing, softened by distance into romantic sadness and sweetness, and beneath a clear and starlit sky he remained for more than an hour, so pleasant was the place and the air. It was rather late before Gaspard rose next morning, for he had been exhausted by the feelings of the preceding day. When he looked out he found numerous groups of the peasantry scattered on the green in front of Gryffith's house, many of them standing round booths where ale and cakes and other refreshments were offered for sale. At noon the games were to begin, and the day, deprived of its sanctity, was to be entirely spent in recreations of a ruder sort than had taken place on the previous one. The spot chosen for the assemblage of the wrestlers was a meadow considerably to the right of Gryffith's house, and hidden by a slight rising that was well

wooded to the very top. When the crowd made their way thither at the appointed hour, their surprise was great to find that another party had anticipated their arrival, and as they came in view of their rendezvous a chorus of men's voices came swelling on the wind, and the sacred and solemn measure proclaimed at once the nature of the meeting; if, indeed, many had not instantly recognized, in the figure standing erect on a green bank to the right, the person of Powyss, the Methodist field preacher. Gryffith had often proclaimed that he would tear him limb from limb if ever he ventured to interfere with his pleasure, and with a flushed face and flaming eyes he now sprang forward to the edge of the circle of worshippers that surrounded the preacher.

"Come down! Leave the place, you scoundrel, you hypocrite!"

But Powyss shook his head, and, slowly raising his small black Testament in his right hand above his head, he replied, in a clear, strong voice—

"Yea, woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!"

"I give you five minutes to consider whether you will go or not," cried Gryffith, clenching his mighty fist.

Powyss continued to sing—firm as a martyr at the stake—with a saintly composure and admirable presence of mind. At last the psalm ceased. He lifted up his head to pray, and as the first word trembled on his tongue, Gryffith flew at him with a howl of rage, followed by the men, young and old, of his party—women and children rushed screaming from the scene. Powyss fled from an unequal combat, and Gaspard watched with grief and shame the disgraceful chase that spread over fields and hills, headed by the infuriated Gryffith, whose stout limbs bore him swiftly on the track of the flying Methodists. The long-cherished hatred of years found its vent on that unfortunate day, and Gaspard, unable to assist the oppressed, sat down on a bank, to wait the return of the pursuers. He had seen the dumb Llewellyn rush foremost to the chase like a wild horse to the prairie. His blood was lit up with animal rage, and he had bounded over every obstacle until Meredith saw him ahead, even of Gryffith, gaining fast on Powyss and his friends, and throwing stones that he picked up hurriedly as he ran. The savage leapt forth from the restraint imposed on it, and never did Indian war-whoop sound more cruelly in the ears of an adversary than did the inarticulate yell of the dumb Llewellyn on the defenceless victim of his idiotic fury.

Gaspard watched till he lost sight and sound of the rioters, and when they returned, crimson and streaming with perspiration, Llewellyn was not with them, and Gaspard found on inquiry that no one could give any account of him. He had not been missed till they had reached Gryffith's house, and once there there were too many things to talk about, and Llewellyn was forgotten.

Gwydion ap Don deserved his name that night, for he sang the legend of Ossian and Saint Patrick, and the sound of the harp and the song and laugh filled the star-lit hours of that soft May night with a brilliant and romantic pleasure.

"Bright lies Meyronidd on the breast of Cambria, as a precious jewel on the bosom of a prince's bride. Land of the fifteen tribes, thou speakest with the voice of the silver harp of Taliessin."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

The merry meeting of Gryffith derived, for the time only, an additional splendor from the tumultuous proceedings which had accompanied its progress. The champions of the old national cause were, of course, as warmly applauded by some as they were loudly blamed by others. The heart and fancy of Gaspard were divided on the point. The convictions of the former led him to disapprove of the wild and riotous way in which Gryffith had attacked the Methodist and his train of followers, while the frank and joyous voice of the latter forced him to listen to the last echoes of the weird song of primitive romance.

Gaspard was living on the outer edge of that space of time which was still unconsciously colored with the strong and brilliant tints of early days. There had been then no picturesque revivals of old customs; no feudal masquerading, no Gothic piggystyles and uncomfortable medieval chairs had yet made their appearance: what was still preserved of ancient days had been clung to, not rummaged out and picked up like an old dusky button stitched on a gay new garment. Gaspard, however, felt in his heart that regretful love of the past that is the loveliest tint in the poetic character. A song, a custom, an old building, a book, a tree, were sanctified to him by the human sympathies that had found their centres there; and as he listened to the legends, the lyrics, and the ballads of the favorite minstrels, his busy fancy gathered around him the "long-ago faces" of the gray fathers of Cambria listening to the cunning player on the *ewth*—a music forever extinct, O reader! since it has been superseded by the fiddle.

Among the household of Gryffith, which consisted of his wife, two daughters, and one son, Gaspard's pupil, there lived an old maiden sister of Owen, with whom Meredith had had little intercourse until he had made himself acquainted with Welsh, for she spake no English, and Gaspard had surprised every one by the rapid manner in which he had acquired the pronunciation of the most difficult words in the language. Then he used often to sit and chat with old Rebecca, and they might have made a fitting illustration of light and darkness when Meredith sat listening with his bright and mirthful eyes, and brilliant intelligent face, turned towards the dark, passionless countenance and pale orbs of the witch-browed 'Becca. She told him wondrous tales of the "knockers" in the mines where her father had worked as a young man. She told him of the old, dusky houses in remote districts, where unfair deaths had taken place years before; of the mystic powers possessed by some of her countrymen; and of the dealers in snake-gems and fairy crystals. She told him that the possessors of these last-named treasures, by holding them in the palm of the hand for a certain length of time, were enabled to behold therein the place in which a missing thing or person was concealed. "How?" cried Meredith, suddenly seized with a superstitious belief in the mystery. She repeated the same story, and Meredith asked if she knew the means whereby he might procure one of these inestimable gems. She told him then that the wise men had retired from public view for fifty years at least, but that she did know of the retreat of one much consulted, she believed, by the few to whom he had revealed himself; and on pressing her closely, Gaspard discovered the name and residence of the Welsh Nostradamus.

A desire gradually strengthened in Gaspard's mind from that day to visit and consult the Seer of Eiderion, and having ascertained the road that would lead him to his retreat, Meredith asked for a few days' leave of absence; and this having been readily granted, he left Gryffith's house on a fine morning in July, mounted on a strong pony lent by his friend and employer to help him on his way.

Meredith felt his heart rise and swell with pleasurable excitement as he set forth at a round trot on the back of the faithful Cynfyn. It was long since he had felt so free from care, and as he wound his way over the solitary hills of Merioneth, and felt the breath of that mountain nymph, sweet Liberty, fan his brow with an unwonted freshness, he prayed fervently for the hour to come when he might drop the mask, proclaim his father's innocence, and efface the blot of guilt from the scutcheon of Glyn Meredith.

Gaspard had taken a small store of money with him, for he was to sleep two nights away from home, and it might be more if he felt disposed to explore a larger tract of country. He meant to find, if possible, in the village inn of Eiderion, a bed for himself and a stall for Cynfyn; and as travellers were rare birds then in North Wales he anticipated no difficulty in doing so.

Gaspard passed through the loneliest haunts of Merioneth on his way to Eiderion. His horse, accustomed to the mountain-paths, travelled with sure and nimble feet through the rocky passes, and about an hour before noon Meredith saw before him the majestic head of Cader-Idris rising from the margin of the lovely lake of Talyllyn. The day was heavenly clear and sweet, the sunny face of the hoary mountain seemed to smile on him, and tell him of a rarer pleasure to be found alone in the regions of the eagle and the cloud. Meredith felt strongly tempted to ascend at least part of the way, and, after a moment's hesitation, he turned his horse's head to the hill, and determined to scale Cader-Idris.

As he pursued his road, and approached more nearly to the rugged breast of the mountain monarch, Meredith felt that mass of stone and earth assume in his eyes the dignity and individuality of a living being. It was no longer one of a chain of hills. Cader-Idris was to him as a solitary sovereign with a crown of stars, and when he seated himself on the warm grass of the mountain breast he felt as if here, in such a place, he would like to give up his breath, close-pressed to the honest heart of comely Mother Nature, with the sun on his eyelids, and her breath on his lips.

Gaspard pursued his way until he reached a green platform beneath the crest of the height, and with a hot and crimson face he paused, took off his hat and cravat to cool himself, and looked on the hills and valleys spread out like a map at his feet. Cardigan Bay looked like a blue drop in the distance below; north, south, and east, extended a vast procession of hills and mountains, from Beth-Gelert and Snowdon on one side to the dark heights of Plinlimmon on another. Rivers were winding like silver veins through the plain, and Gaspard murmured again to himself the words,—" Bright lies Meyronedd on the breast of Cambria, as a precious jewel on the bosom of a prince's bride."

It was late when Meredith descended the rocky sides of the mountain, much later than he had intended; he had become fatigued, and the shiverings

of an incipient rheumatism began to make themselves felt. Gaspard hurried on to reach the village where he was to sleep, but long before he came in sight of a hamlet the sun had set over the sea, the twilight closed her dewy eyes, and Gaspard was fairly benighted. He began to feel both ill and tired. He reproached himself for having attempted such an arduous undertaking as the ascent of the mountain, and it was with extreme thankfulness that he at last saw lights glimmering in the small windows of some house half-concealed in a coppice that bounded the path in which he was riding.

Cynfyn was guided to the door with little difficulty, and Meredith knocked for admittance. He had to repeat the summons twice, and at last a cautious hand opened the window near the entrance, and a man's voice inquired who he was, and what he wanted. Gaspard's reply seemed to reassure the inquirer, and a moment after he was admitted into the cottage. He saw before him a man of fifty, in a dressing-gown and slippers; long white hair escaped from beneath a black silk cap, and in the pale features and thoughtful eyes Gaspard recognized the face of Powyss, the preacher. He did not make himself known, however, and the hospitality of the Welshman did not wait for more preliminaries; but he was immediately invited to seat himself, while Powyss went to hurry on his clothes, and go and see about food for him and shelter for his horse. Both were procured. In half an hour Meredith sat beside a small, bright fire, with some warm drink at his elbow, for he still shivered, and the night air was chilly with the rain that fell about midnight. He had introduced himself as Evans, and Powyss asked no more questions, but continued to converse kindly and freely with his young guest. There are some beings who seem to have the power of instantaneously awakening and retaining a confidence accorded to them often by comparative strangers. Powyss was one of these. Before they parted that night Meredith had almost confessed his name and the wild errand on which he was bound. He went to bed, however, with his secret still undisclosed, and Powyss retired to his rest, thinking that so choice a vessel ought to contain the grace of the chosen of the Lord, so singularly was he struck with the simple and intelligent manners, and the remarkable beauty and elegance, of the young stranger thus unexpectedly thrown on his hospitality. Before he slept Powyss put up a prayer to the Almighty for the well-being, temporal and eternal, of his guest. "He is a Timothy, or I am mistaken. Surely he is a Timothy," he murmured to himself as he laid him down to a slumber filled with visions of godly peace and harmony.

Gaspard, meanwhile, tossed, tumbled, and tried every corner of his small couch in vain. He could not sleep, nor even rest. Fever was in his veins, pain in his limbs. His head was throbbing wildly when dawn broke over the mountains, and when Powyss knocked at his door late in the morning, poor Meredith was unable to reply to his inquiries. Fortunately, Powyss was a leech as well as a priest. He applied the best remedies. He devoted himself for the two following days to his sick guest, and on the third Meredith was better; so much better as to sit up, though very much weakened by the enfeebling attack of fever from which he had suffered.

Illness on one side and affectionate care on the other break down the chill barriers of conventional

life at once in some cases, and it was so with Meredith and his host. In Powyss he found an energetic and enthusiastic mind, brimming with the same poetic feeling that filled his own, but a mind on which religion had looked until the mirror reflected no other image. Powyss was one of those who have the dramatic feeling entirely separated from the theatrical. In him the dramatic principle had assumed the pure sense, wrought to intensity, of the sublime contrast offered by moral good and evil. He saw it as Milton did, in its most gigantic proportions in *Holy Scripture*. Life to him was a real drama in which he took a part for all eternity, not a stage on which to perform picturesque passages for intellectual excitement. He abhorred the moral evil attached to the rude and semi-barbarous manners and diversions of the olden time, as relics of heathen and depraving recollections. His earnest wish was to efface all traces of the antique mummeries as essentially anti-Christian, and in the course of conversation with Meredith this desire came out very strongly.

Gaspard listened, half-convinced against his will, but still frankly owning he wished to steer a middle course between crushing the poetic romance attached to the followers of the national party, and encouraging too unreservedly the extravagant worship of the Gwydion ap Don of Wales—the god of wild enchantment and unbridled fancies. Powyss rose and stood before Meredith while he spoke, looking on him with a kindling and darkening eye,—

"What, young man! you would forsake the faith one delivered to the saints! The primitive fathers laid no incense on the altars of the idol deities of Greece and Rome. There was no whining there after ideal luxuries. Poetry was bound to the very horns of the altar in those holy and happy days of a pure creed. The wild horn of Fancy blew in vain to attract the sober followers of the ascended Christ. His foot-prints were still impressed on the earth; now they are well-nigh effaced. I will lift up my voice through the length and breadth of the land, till the voices of the ungodly and heathens shall be silenced beneath that of the gospel of light and grace."

Meredith could not but feel impressed by the earnest and fervent spirit that so chivalrously defended the truth, as Powyss viewed it. He became more and more attracted by the pious and enthusiastic preacher of righteousness; and that day he confessed to him his name and parentage, the history of his family, and the intention with which he had left Gryffith's house. Powyss, with tears in his eyes, listened to his story, and then implored him to desist from the pursuit of forbidden knowledge.

"But you confess that this man is an imposter," said Meredith. "Then what harm can arise from my visiting him?"

"Much to yourself, young friend," replied Powyss. "I believe the sorcerer to be hateful in the eyes of God for his assumed power; and, besides, I tell you, that though I deny the reality of magic generally speaking, yet there are dark and terrible secrets in our nature, into which the eye of man may not look with impunity. Where Christian light is not, it may be that another and more mysterious illumination is permitted, I will not say, granted."

"And you allow that light of truth to be wanting here!"

"I do," said Powyss; "and, therefore, I be-

lieve that powers superior to those of other men are granted to some. But woe, woe to the Christian disciple who touches such unhallowed means!"

"But my history requires some miraculous means to clear it up," said Gaspard.

"Just so," replied Powyss. "But there are miracles without magic."

"Not now," said Meredith, thoughtfully.

"Not now!" cried Powyss. "O, ignorant and faithless! I tell you that no day passes without the miraculous interposition of a power that the cold-hearted veil under the vague name of Providence. At this instant, young man, *He*, most glorious in personality, watches over thee, to bless thee and to do thee good. Return to the place whence thou camest, and, as thy fathers have said in the olden times thou lovest so well—'Do well and doubt not.'"

"I will!" replied Gaspard, fervently. And from his mind he removed all inclination to the superstitious folly that he had once so eagerly sought for. The next day he returned home. He spoke to no one of Powyss; but the memory of the good man's quiet home in the mountains lay in his heart, influencing all his thoughts, words, and deeds, as garments assume the rare and costly scent of the precious perfume of the golden East when the small vial lies for a short space in their vicinity.

Pwyss was not, however, left without an object for his immediate care. For many weeks he had been engaged in a labor of love, to him most interesting and attractive. The day that he had been pursued by the mob of rioters, he had escaped un-hurt until he had nearly reached the gate of a friendly house. Just before he arrived at the threshold, a stone, flung by the leader of the pursuers, struck him on the shoulder; he staggered, but did not fall. A strong arm instantly threw back that stone before he could prevent it; and the man who had thrown it fell senseless on the ground, as his own missile, with a surer aim, dealt him a furious blow on the temple.

When Powyss looked back, he saw no one but the form of the dumb man of Gauntry lying bleeding and motionless at his feet. He went back to the spot; he heard no sound but the retreating voices of the exhausted mob returning to Gryffith's house; and Powyss, with the help of another man, carried Llewellyn into the cottage where he had himself meant to take refuge. There Llewellyn had been kept for four-and-twenty hours, until a messenger was sent for his mother. He had been recognized by the proprietor of the cottage as the idiot son of the widow. She came without loss of time, and wished at first to remove him to her home. This was, however, impossible; and she had to submit him to the care of Powyss. Gold and silver had he none, but he gave what was more valuable than either—the sympathizing interest of an acute and benevolent mind. He had been always inclined to direct his attention to the state of the deaf and dumb, which was at that time, and in that part of the country, deplorable indeed. Powyss cheerfully undertook the charge of the sick man; and the mother, repugnant as she had been at first to his interference, gradually became convinced of his disinterested goodness of heart, and not many weeks had elapsed when she began to see a dawn of greater intelligence arising in the being of her idiot son. Hitherto he had had no sense of religion—it had been considered impracticable to teach him anything connected with the

subject; and he was in mind, as well as appearance, almost an idiotic savage. With a patience beautiful and enduring in the greatest degree, Powyss, during many months, devoted himself especially to watching the effect of his gentle but firm system of instruction on the once intractable Llewellyn, for as years had passed away his temper and his unruly passions had made him a terror to many in the neighborhood, though no one had ever attempted to get him placed in confinement, as asylums and hospitals were few and far between in North Wales in those times.

By degrees Powyss began to reap the slow but sure reward of his labors. When some of his more active followers recommended a wider field for his efforts, and appeared to doubt the prudence of bestowing so much valuable time and care on so insignificant an object, he replied—

"The meanest clay is sufficient for my work, for there is the precious jewel of immortality to polish against the day that shall try all men's labor."

It would take a volume to describe minutely the means by which Powyss distinguished between the infirmities attached to loss of speech and hearing, and those of weak mind. It would take longer to tell precisely how the faithful teacher contrived to reach the conscience—a long dormant faculty in the breast of Llewellyn—if, indeed, it had ever existed; how he gradually built up in that soul the idea of power almighty and invisible, of goodness, of love, and justice, and truth, and of the living centre of these glorious attributes in the person of God. Not that he could be said to have given Llewellyn much more than a child's view of right and wrong, and the power and majesty of the Creator; but this was attained, and it was one of the happiest moments of the good man's life when he first saw distinctly the idea of making amends for a fault, by penitence and submission, become apparent in the face and actions of the widow's son. It was one day when Powyss had told him by signs, and by words written on a plate in large round letters, that he was not to join a party who were shooting on the neighboring hills; but Llewellyn, unable to resist the temptation, had fled away to the mountains, and followed with his old alacrity the steps of the "men of blood," as Powyss privately called all sportsmen. Llewellyn returned late in the afternoon with a hare and some birds, and, rushing into the room, laid the bloody spoils at the feet of Powyss. The master drew back, and expressed disgust as he pointed to the prey, and by signs intimated his heavy displeasure and grief, for he had suspected the poaching propensities of his pupil. The dumb man hung down his head, like a chidden child; and, strange as it may seem, the memory of a deed, not forgotten, but only smothered, arose as in a vivid dream on the heart of the afflicted man. His mind had gradually risen from an apparently idiotic to a half-childish state, that was at times almost more pitiful to behold, as with this improvement came also the overwhelming sense of miserable helplessness; and in this increasing distress Powyss rejoiced, while he deeply sympathized at the same time with the sufferer.

It was in the same year that the viscountess, as

has been said, established herself at Caerglynn. Her mind had become, some thought, quite unsettled. She spoke now of nothing but the treachery of Meredith, and the return of her son. She had assembled around her, so to speak, a small court of the gentry and middling classes of Merioneth, and to those who are acquainted with the wild superstition prevalent in that part of the kingdom within the last hundred years, it will not appear wonderful that the most extravagant sayings and doings took place under the influence of a rich, powerful, and violent woman, superior in birth and education to most of those around her. In a book of Welsh antiquities there is a curious letter to be found, addressed by Sir John Pryse, in the year 1748, to the sorceress, Bridget Bostock, in which he implores her to exert her miraculous power to restore his beloved wife, "Dame Eleanor Pryse," to her bereaved family, by raising her from the dead. This strange but authentic document concludes thus:—

"If your personal attendance appear to you necessary, I will send my coach and six, with proper servants, to wait on you thither, wherever you are pleased to appoint. Recompense of any kind that you could propose shall be made, but I wish the bare mention of it be not offensive to God and you."

It was in those times of ample belief that the viscountess had lived in the home of her early-married life, and she imbibed the leading characteristics of the Welsh disposition, to a degree that made her readily listen to the vague, wild tongues of the imaginative and superstitious people that surrounded her.

In a remote district of the county of Merioneth stands the picturesque village of Eiderion. Loft hills shelter the happy valley in which it lies, and precipitous paths lead from the rich plain up to the stern and sterile heights, where, beside the roaring fall of a wide, blue mountain stream, stands the Rock of the Arrow, one of the ancient hunting rendezvous of olden times. To the right of the gray front was once perched a small cottage, a sunshiny eyrie in the summer, but a gloomy and terror-striking home to dwell in during the pale days and black nights of winter. In that solitary hut dwelt a man known by the name of the Wise One of Eiderion. How far he believed in himself it is not now our business to inquire, but there are country legends that still bear witness to the belief of others in his powers. It was on a day in early spring that a lady, attended by a boy from the village as a guide, toiled up the steep and painful ascent to the cottage of Anwyl, and stood before the door. It was opened by the master himself, on whom the village lad looked with evident fear and respect. The lady placed a piece of gold in his hand, and made a sign to her guide to withdraw. Taffy contentedly seated himself on a green bank, and for an hour listened, with great apparent complacency, to the wild voice of the water coursing over its rugged channel.

The lady entered the cottage, and found herself in a room of low roof, with very little light, but the contents of which she was permitted to examine by the blaze of a fire of peat and fagot. The man cast his eyes over her rich dress, and then, fixing them on her pale, worn face, he said—

" You seek for nineteen years in vain."

" How?" she said, returning his fixed look.
" For whom?"

Anwyl shook his head, with a half-smile, and cast his eyes round the room. On all sides were hung offerings, said to be made in gratitude for wonderful cures, and prophetic warnings, and magical discoveries. With a slight hazel wand that he held in his hand he pointed to a cup of silver bearing his name, and having attracted the attention of his visitor to it, he told her of the magical power possessed by his forefathers, inherited by himself alone—the power of detecting where water lay beneath the bosom of the earth. He described the manner in which he went forth with a hazel wand in his hand—how, when the switch bent down to the ground of its own mystical will, one might be sure that beneath that spot water would be found in abundance. This cup had been presented to him by a rich proprietor in Montgomeryshire, whither he had gone on purpose to divine and cure sicknesses of long standing. He told the lady that he had discovered that a thin wand made of a certain metal enabled his power to come forth much more strongly, but that when his hand was gloved the supernatural essence refused to act in the usual way. He bade her examine the walls, on which hung boards covered with butterflies and insects of all kinds, dried toads, tadpoles, frogs, beetles of all hues, birds and fish, grass, flowers, sea-weed, and shells more or less valuable.

Lady Meredith, after contemplating awhile this strange confusion, at last demanded the sight of the crystals of which she had heard so much. Anwyl stooped and opened a box, and from thence he took a black velvet bag, out of which he drew with care one pure and perfect crystal of a tolerable size. He held it in his hand, and remained silent for a moment or two as if engaged in thought. Then he lifted his eyes to hers, and inquired the age of the person in whose behalf she had come to inquire.

" Just forty."

" Name his birth-place, his birth-day, and birth-hour."

" The eleventh of October, at midnight, at Gauntry Castle."

The seer bowed, and seating himself on a low chair he laid his elbows on his knees, let his head sink low on his breast, and appeared to contemplate with intense eagerness the crystal in the palm of his left hand.

" I wish to hold it myself—I wish to possess it!" said the lady, impatiently. " There, I shall see for myself."

Anwyl raised his head and replied,

" This cannot be, but in very rare instances. I know not if you possess the power to see."

" Try me!" she replied.

The crystal was laid in her hand, and she began the same earnest contemplation of its surface.

" I must warn you," said Anwyl, " that when you awake all recollection of your trance will be over. Therefore I shall, if you desire it, write your replies to the inquiries I must make if you wish to preserve the information to be gained by my art."

She signified her assent, and Anwyl produced an ink-horn, pen, and some coarse paper.

When the lady left the cottage she carried the sheet in her bosom, on which were written, in hardly legible characters, the following vision. It is curious that the speaker mentions herself in the third person as children frequently do, calling her-

self on those occasions "the sleeper." The questions of Anwyl were left out:—

"The external world fades and recedes beneath the mists of a strange, sweet sleep! Divine lights rise around me, and an illumination of a lustrous delicacy fills all space. All the senses, hearing, seeing, and the rest, are lost and overpowered in the sensation of a new power of being before unknown."

"Ah! a triumphant glow fills the soul of the sleeper, for the space around is peopling with hosts of living and intelligent beings passing rapidly to and fro without noise, while without speech an intuitive knowledge of the desires, meanings, and characters, of each spreads itself through the intelligence of the dreamer."

"It is no longer by the eyes that I see—by the senses that I feel. All is understood by a sense far more sublime than any ever enjoyed before. What! is this as Eve was before she left God in the garden of the East?"

"Yes, I feel my will, my desire for accurate knowledge pass from me, and unite with a force that attracts me as the magnet draws the needle."

"This powerful intelligence is acted on by my fervent will! Lo! it reveals itself gradually at my earnest desire. It shapes itself into a luminous and beautiful form. A serene sense of safety fills the soul of the sleeper. And we rise into space, and glide through the busy, shifting spirit-world."

"The active influence of spiritual will passes to and fro from heaven to earth as the light wind blows over a face. Some are cool and healthy, some are hell-hot, some sweet as heathen Zephyr, some strong as the blasts that wreck and rive the stoutest ships. And there are contentions too! strong as the warfare of good against evil: but the sleeper passes on. Love and pity lead me, and a voice passes through my being that whispers, 'Thou art mine till the world burns,' and the serene glory of an angelic watcher envelops me. Guardian spirit, art thou with me now?—I will follow thee where thou wilt."

"A city! a city by the sea! The smell of rich vegetation oppresses me! A mountain with fire in her prodigious breast—a cell! Ah! woe to me! is that a home for the only son of Meredith? I hear a foreign tongue, such as they speak on the shores of a southern sea—a dark-browed stranger offers bread, and oil, and a small and miserable repast, to the prisoner! The voice of the prisoner is faint, and in its accents can no longer be traced the tones of his native land. My eyes grow dim with tears as I look on the wasted form of the one I came hither to seek. Why doth he not turn his eyes on mine, for my breath fans his cheek, and my arms almost enfold him as he lies there listless and without hope? Courage and peace to thy heart, pale prisoner! The hour of release is on the wing, and thou shalt tread again the halls that have not known thee for so long."

Copies of this paper found their way into other hands. Some believed, some doubted, some said that there was nothing wonderful in an elderly lady falling asleep beside a warm fire after a long pull up a high and difficult ascent; and that during that sleep, her man of the mountain might have written down whatever seemed to him good. These were the opinions of scoffers, and as such, were considered unworthy of any credit whatever,

and the "words of Anwyl," became known through the land.

In the month of July, there appeared in the public prints of the time a paragraph, headed, "News from Palermo." This stated that the long-missing viscount was on his way home, his retreat having been at last discovered, and that the most extreme measures would be employed against those who had connived at the plot, which had been but too successful for nineteen years and more.

This news reached in due time the ear of Meredith and his son!

* * * * *

It was the month of October, on the fourteenth day of the month, that Meredith and his daughter left their house in the Cathedral Close in a chaise and four, as the saintly chime of bells proclaimed the fourth hour after noon. Before they quitted the dusky room where they had eaten and drunk for twenty-seven years, the father brought from the supposed vacant cellar a small bottle of rare and costly wine. He had filled two small gilded glasses, such as one sees in old Dutch paintings, to the brim, and putting one in Ellinor's hand, he said—

"Drink, girl! to the health and happiness of the heir of Gauntry."

"What! is he come?" she cried.

"He stands before you," he replied, as he drank the golden-colored beverage to the very dregs in his earnestness. Brave and rare must have been the draught, for he smiled with a flushed face as he handed his daughter to the chariot.

"They are gone—actually gone to Gauntry!" cried a hundred voices that day in Salisbury.

* * * * *

There was supper prepared for them by the solitary attendant and his wife, who had been left in charge of the castle. They had done their best; a haunch of venison smoked on a wooden platter, and a bowl of vegetables flanked the table. The plate was under lock and key still, but large bronze chandeliers hung from the gilded roof of the banqueting-hall, in which some tallow candles had been hastily stuck, for stores had not yet found their way thither. In a week's time a long train of servants filled the galleries of Gauntry; and the wide wardrobes of shining oak were hung with rich dresses of velvet, and brocade, and flowered satin, and lappets, and ruffles of delicious point, and Valenciennes beauteous to behold; and on the lady's dressing-table lay paint, powder, patches, and all the different implements used by beauties a hundred or ninety years ago, when no one left her face as God had made it.

But Gaspard was still unforgiven. Once Ellinor ventured to name him, but, with a gesture of reviving fury, Meredith let fall the words—

"He suspected me."

"Yes," she replied; "but you must forgive, father."

"Never!" Lord Meredith replied, with a return of his old energy into his gray eye.

But Meredith himself appeared to be sinking into a state of mournful apathy. The race was run, the goal was won, but the heir of Gauntry was now a pale, shivering, shrinking old man. He looked like one who felt that his work was done, and Ellinor saw his strength failing daily from the very hour of his arrival at his splendid inheritance.

The month of October closed, and the red, misty sun of November peered over the dim woods and bleak hills of Merioneth. A letter arrived in the second week of the month, directed to Meredith by the haughty hand of the viscountess. The epistle warned him that her son lived—that he had returned—changed, indeed, so much that few could have known him; but on the twentieth day of November he would arrive at Gauntry to take possession, when all intruders would be ejected by force.

"Then," cried Meredith, throwing the letter into the fire that blazed at his feet, "we will receive him in fitting style."

Invitations were issued that day, written by Meredith himself in a crabbed and uncertain hand:—

"Mr. Glyn Meredith begs the pleasure of your company on the twentieth day of the month, to take part in the celebration of his return to Gauntry."

* * * * *

On the eighteenth there was a meeting held at Caer-Glyn. The viscountess had offered a prize of a hundred guineas for the best poem that should be written in Welsh on the subject of her son's return. From far and near came the best and the worst singers in Wales to appear as candidates for the glittering prize, but many felt inclined to despair when it became known that Gwydion ap Don was one of the competitors. The bardic meeting was to be held in a hall of the dowager's mansion at Caer-Glyn. A numerous assembly of all ranks was to grace the saloon, and the judges were to be three in number—a triumvirate chosen from among the gentry of Merioneth by the lady herself.

The hall was lighted as the day closed in. A white chair, with gilded stripes and crimson cushion, was placed for the giver of the prize, which lay in a silken purse on the table before her. The minstrels are met, the harps are harmonized, and as the first competitor rung a soft prelude on his instrument, the doors of the hall were thrown wide, and Meredith entered, followed by his daughter; and, after saluting the viscountess, they stood silent, as if to listen to the music about to begin. The dowager bridled her rage, and signed to the singers to proceed; and the melody began with these words, still found on the tongues of the peasantry in that district:—

No more the mansion of delight, the halls of Glyn are
dark to-night;
No feast the midnight hour prolongs with fires, and
lamps, and festive songs;
Its trembling bards afflicted shun the hall bereaved of
minstrel's son;
Its joyous visitants are fled, its hospitable fires are dead;
And all around, above, below, are sights, and sounds,
and wails of woe.
Alas! alas! for Meredidd.
The lordliest son of Meyronidd.

And the minstrel proceeded to describe the jealous fury of the covetous heir, the plot for the abduction of his innocent rival, and to detail the manner in which it had been executed.

And as the poem proceeded every eye was turned, first on the silent, gray old man, who stood with his daughter leaning on his arm, and then to the middle-aged personage who sat at the right hand of the viscountess. His face was pale, his eyes were always fixed on the ground, but in the fair hair slightly mixed with gray that hung over his neck many pretended to recognize the very hue of

that which had floated twenty years before on the shoulders of the lost heir. He never exchanged a word with any one, and appeared not to understand the language in which the minstrel before him was singing; but the rest of the audience said twenty years spent in a cell never brightened the face or intellect of any who outlived it.

The songs were sung, the prize was about to be adjudged, when the hall-doors were thrown wide, and another competitor for the prize was announced. The viscountess rose, as if to forbid his performance, when her limbs seemed to fail beneath her, and she sank in her seat again breathless and speechless, as her eyes fell on the face, the form, the hair, the eyes, that brought before her the very image of her son, as when he had left her so many weary years back. There was a great silence: the minstrel struck a mournful, but harmonious prelude, and he began by chanting of the splendors of Gauntry when its last lord ruled there long before. He sang of the sad day when he went forth with the next of kin to wander through the pleasant woods; and the listeners held their breath from desire to learn the legend. He sang of one living then—living still, who had never heard the voice of man in his dull ear, nor ever spoken to mortal, for his tongue was bound by the dark thread of fate. He sang of the wild joy of the hunter, and told how the cunning forester concealed by day-dawn what he snared or shot in the night—how a cave, lined with stone, had been known an age before to the old dwellers in Meyronidd; and how the mouth of this chasm closed with a stone and ring, covered by a turf and green moss from observation; how the entrance had been left open for a few short minutes while the hunter sought for some prey concealed in the underwood; how the young lord, running down the little hill, fell, unperceived by any one, into the chasm; and how, when the dumb forester returned, he saw the mangled form of his lord lying above the spoils of his chase; how, with a sudden impulse, he closed the stone mouth of that living tomb, where lay, perchance, to that hour, the last son of a lofty line. Then he raised his head, and a flood of brilliant music burst from his lips and hand as he looked on the face of Ellinor. She stood, with pallid face and clasped hands, in a robe of royal brocade, with brilliants enough for a prince's ransom on her brow; but her eyes were wild and wet with tears, and she gazed anxiously on the bright countenance of the singer.

The viscountess rose with a laugh, more like the scream of a hyena than the mirthful ebullition of a human heart, and she stretched out her arm with a gesture of contemptuous defiance—

"Leave the hall!—I command! Tear the harp from his hand!—Strike him down! It is time to sup—the tables are spread—room for his lordship!" And she led the man at her side forward a few steps.

"Room for Lord Meredith!" echoed the feeble tongue of the old man.

He waved his arm, and the door at the side of the hall opened. In a dreary silence advanced a procession of twelve men in mourning habits, bearing on a bier the skeleton form of the lost heir. They passed up the room and laid it at her feet.

The viscountess stooped, and plucked the signet-ring from the bone which it still encircled. It bore the motto, "Do well and doubt not."

She fell on the ground, and her tears ran over the fair hair that still clung to the skull of her lost child.

That night she died, and so Glyn Meredith became master of Gauntry.

There hangs on one of the walls of Gauntry a picture of a young man, dressed in a rich and fanciful costume, leaning on a harp of the ancient Cambrian form. To the right appears a portrait of a lady, youthful and "beautiful exceedingly." This is said to be a faithful likeness of Lady Anna, daughter of an English earl, and wife of Gaspard Meredith, still spoken of as the sweet singer of Meyronedd.

The castle was partly burnt down in 1804 by an accidental fire. Some rooms are still left, with old

pictures on the walls; but few people like to be in them after dark. Once a steward of Sir W. W. W. slept there, and he had been sorely disturbed, people said, by the appearance of a figure, which he described as that of a young man, habited in an old-fashioned riding-dress, with long fair hair floating over his shoulders and eyes, from which shot a pale blue flame (so said the affrighted steward when he told his tale to others); and the solitary figure passed to and fro, wringing its wan hands, until a phantom voice was heard through the distant gallery, and at that warning cry the spectre melted as snow before the sun, for the words of the unearthly summons were "Meredith! Meredith!"

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

DO I FORGET THEE?

BY THOMAS JOHN OUSELEY.

Go, in the summer when the morning breaketh,
And all around is lulled midst placid light;
When the sweet tiny field-flower awaketh,
And softly sighs its perfume exquisite.
Behold the lark—up to the clear sky winging,
Trilling aloud his luscious free-born notes;
From his bright speckled breast the dew-drops
flinging,

Away, away, till lost to sight, he floats.
Doth not the field-flower love the coming morning,
Unclosing every leaf to drink the light?
Doth not the lark's eye swell to meet the dawning,
His wings spread strong, to reach his airy height?
If flower and bird change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go, in the noon-tide, when the sun is gleaming,
To the deep forest—watch the panting deer
Under the trees umbrageous, watchful dreaming,
Timidly starting at each sound they hear;
List to the throstle and the blackbird singing,
Whilst the calm breathing wind just rocks the leaves,
The emerald wood with melody is ringing,
As light with shade and music interweaves.
Do not the shy deer court the boughs o'ershading,
Their wide hot nostrils snuff the welcome bowers?
The songsters of the grove are serenading,
Each to its mate the joyful tidings pours:
If such as these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go, in the evening—watch the streamlet flowing,
O'er pebbly banks, through green and velvet meads;
The sportive fish, in gold and silver glowing,
Plash in their crystal home as day recedes?
And mark the sun-flower, when the west is streaming
With rainbow clouds of light, as Sol retires,
Turneth its face to catch his last smile beaming,
Then bowing to its grave, the earth expires.
Do not the sportive fish, when day's descending,
Leap to the streamlet's bosom in their play?
Doth not the sun-flower, faithful in its tending,
Linger to catch the LAST departing ray?
Beloved, if these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,
To wandering boyhood dear,
And treasured still in many a dream,
They are no longer here;
A huge red mound of earth is thrown
Across the glen so wild and lone,
The stream so cold and clear;
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Nor this alone—for many a mile,
Along that iron way,
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile
In summer's glory gay;
Thro' chasms that yawn as though the earth
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,
Whose depth excludes the day,
We're borne away, at headlong pace,
To win from time the wearying race!

The wayside inn, the homelike air,
No longer tempts a guest
To taste its unpretending fare,
Or seek its welcome rest.
The prancing team—the merry horn—
The cool fresh road at early morn—
The coachman's ready jest;
All, all to distant dream-land gone,
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,
And eyes that own no tear,
'T is nothing now, the space which parts
The distant from the dear;
The wing that to her cherished nest
Bears home the bird's exulting breast,
Has found its rival here.
With speed like hers we too can haste,
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line
To watch the approaching train,
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,
A rude, but welcome chain
To bind us in a world, whose ties
Each passing hour to sever tries,
But here may try in vain;
To bring us near home many an art
Stern fate employs to keep apart.

C. R.

AND now I have transgressed about a pin! Oh, heaven! what weak, wicked wretches we are! "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" And the tongue is a fire, an unruly member. Sure, when I was writing, at father's dictation, such heavy charges against Eve, I privily thought I was better than she. And sifting the doings of Mary and Anne through a somewhat censorious judgment, maybe I thought I was better than they. Alas! we know not our own selves. And so, dropping a stitch in my knitting, I must needs cry out—"Here, any of you . . . oh, mother! do bring me a pin." My sisters, as ill-luck would have it, not being by, cries she, "Forsooth, manners have come to a fine pass in these days! Bring her a pin, quotha!" Instead of making answer, "Well, 't was disrespectful;—I ask your pardon;" I must mutter, "I see what I'm valued at—less than a pin."

"Deb, don't be unduteous," says father to me. "Woulde it not have been better to fetch what you wanted, than strangely ask your mother to bring it?"

"And thereby spoil my work," answered I;—"but 't is no matter."

"T is a great matter to be uncivil," says father.

"Oh! dear husband, do not concern yourself," interrupts mother; "the girl's incivility is no new matter, I protest."

On this, a battle of words on both sides, ending in tears, bitterness, and my being sent by father to my chamber till dinner. "And, Deb," he adds, gravely, but not harshly, "take no book with you, unless it be your Bible."

Soe, hither, with swelling heart, I have come. I never drew on myself such condemnation before—at least, since childish days; and could be enraged with mother, were I not enraged with myself. I'm in no hurry for dinner time; I cannot sober down. My temples beat, and my throat has a great lump in it. Why was Nan out of the way? Yet, would she have made things better? I was in no fault at first, that's certain;—mother took offence where none was meant; but I meant offence afterwards. Lord, have mercy upon me. I can ask thy forgiveness, though not hers. And I could find it in me to ask father's too, and say, "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy . . . thy hearing!" And now I come to write that word, I have a mind to cry; and the lump goes down, and I feel earnest to look into my Bible, and more humbled towards mother. And . . . what is it father says?—

What better can I do, than to the place
Repairing, where he judged me, there confess
Humbly my fault, and pardon beg, with tears
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?

. . . He met me at the very first word. "I knew you would," he said; "I knew the kindest thing was to send you to commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still. 'T is there we find the Holy Spirit and Holy Saviour in waiting for us; and in the house where they abide, as long as they abide in it, there is no room for Satan

to enter. But let this morning's work, Deb, be a warning to you, not thus to transgress again. As long as we are in peaceful communion among ourselves, there is a fine, invisible cobweb, too clear for mortal sight, spun from mind to mind, which the least breath of discord rudely breaks. You owe to your mother a daughter's reverence; and if you behave like a child, you must look to be punished like a child."

"I am not a mere baby, neither," I said.

"No," he replied. "I see you can make distinction between Teknia and Paidia; but a baby is the more inoffensive and less responsible agent of the two. If you are content to be a baby in grace, you must not contend for a baby's immunities. I have heard a baby cry pretty loudly about a pin."

This shut my mouth close enough.

"You are now," he added, gently, "nearly as old as your mother was when I married her."

I said, "I fear I am not much like her." He said nothing, only smiled. I made bold to pursue;—"What was she like?"

Again he was silent—at least for a minute; and then, in quite a changed tone, with somewhat hurried in it, cried,—

Like the fresh sweetbriar and early May!
Like the fresh, cool, pure air of opening day . . .
Like the gay lark, sprung from the glittering dew . . .
An angel, yet . . . a very woman too!

And, kicking back his chair, he got up, and began to walk hastily about the chamber, as fearlessly as he always does when he is thinking of something else, I springing up to move one or two chairs out of his way. Hearing some high voices in the offices, he presently observed, "A contentious woman is like a continual dropping. Shakespeare spoke well when he said that a sweet, low voice is an excellent thing in woman. I wish you good women would recollect that one avenue of my senses being stopt, makes me keener to any impression on the others. Where strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. Why should not we dwell in peace, in this quiet little nest, instead of rendering our home liker to a cage of unclean birds?"

Bunhill Fields, London, Oct. 1666.

People have phansied appearances of armies in y^e air, flaming swords, fields of battle, and other images; and, truly, the evening before we left Chalfont, methought I beheld the glories of the ancient city Ctesiphon in the sunset clouds, with gilded battlements, conspicuous far—turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires. The light-armed Parthians pouring through the gates, in coats of mail, and military pride. In the far perspective of the open plain, two ancient rivers, the one winding, 't other straight, losing themselves in the glowing distance, among the tents of the ten lost tribes. Such are one's dreams at sunset. And, when I cast down my dazed eyes on the shaded landskip, all looked, in comparison, so black and bleak, that methought how dull and dreary this lower world must have appeared to Moses when

he descended from Horeb, and to our Saviour, when he came down from the Mount of Transfiguration, and to St. Paul when he dropt from the seventh heaven.

What a click, click, the bricklayers make with their trowels, thus bringing me down from my altitudes! Sure, we hardly knew how well off we were at Chalfont, till we came back to this unlucky capital, looking as desolate as Jerusalem, when the city was ruined and the people captivated. Weeds in the streets—smouldering piles—blackened, tottering walls—and inexhaustible heaps of vile rubbish. Even with closed windows, everything gets covered with a coating of fine dust. Cousin Jack yesterday picked up a half-burnt acceptance for twenty thousand pounds. There is a fine time coming for builders and architects—Anne's lover among the rest. The way she picked him up was notable. Returning to town, she falls to her old practices of daily prayers and visiting the poor. At church she sits over against a good-looking young man, recovered from the plague, whose near approach to death's door had made him more godly in his walk than the general of his age and condition. He notes her beautiful face—marks not her deformed shape; and, because that, by reason of the late distresses, the calamities of the poor have been met by unusual charities of the upper classes, he, on his errands of mercy among the rest, presently falls in with her at a poor sick man's house, and marvels when the limping stranger turns about and discovers the beautiful votress. After one or two chance meetings, respectfully accosts her—Anne draws back—he finds a mutual friend—the acquaintance progresses; and at length, by way of first introduction to my father, he steps in to ask him (preamble supposed) to give him his eldest daughter. Then what a storm ensues! Father's objections do not transpire, no one being by but mother, who is unlikely to soften matters. But, as soon as John Herring shuts the door behind him, and walks off quickly, Anne is called down, and I follow, neither bidden nor hindered. Thereupon, father, with a red spot on his cheek, asks Anne what she knows of this young man. Her answer,—"Nothing but good." "How came she to know him at all?" Silent; then makes answer, "Has seen him at Mrs. French's and elsewhere." "Where else?" "Why, at church, and other places." Mother here puts in—"What other places?" "Heavens! what can it signify," Anne asks, turning short round upon her; "and especially to you, who would be glad to get quit of me on any terms?"

"Anne, Anne!" interrupts father, "does this concern of ours for you look like it? You know you are saying what is uncivil and untrue."

"Well," resumes Anne, her breath coming quick, "but what's the objection to John Herring?"

"John?—is he John with you already?" cries mother. "Then you must know more of him than you say."

"Sure, mother," cries Anne, bursting into tears, "you are enough to overcome the patience of Job. I know nothing of the young man, but that he is pious, and steady, and well bred, and well read, and a good son of reputable parents, as well to do in the world as ourselves, and that he likes me whom few like, and offers me a quiet, happy home."

"How fast some people can talk when they like!" observes mother; at which allusion to Anne's impediment, I dart at her a look of wrath; but Nan only continues weeping.

"Come hither, child," interposes father, holding his hand towards her; "and you, good Betty, leave us awhile to talk over this without interruption." At which, mother, taking him literally, sweeps up her work, and quits the room. "The address of this young man," says father, "has taken me wholly by surprise, and your encouragement of it has incontestably had somewhat of clandestine in it; notwithstanding which, I have, and can have, nothing in view, dear Nan, but your well-being. As to his calling, I take no exceptions at it, even though, like Cæmentarius, he should say, 'I am a bricklayer, and have got my living by my labor—'"

"A master-builder, not a bricklayer," interposes Anne.

Father stopt for a moment; then resumed. "You talk of his offering you a quiet home: why should you be dissatisfied with your own, where, in the main, we are all very happy together? In these evil times, 't is something considerable to have, as it were, a little chamber on the wall, where your candle is lighted by the Lord, your table spread by him, your bed made by him in your health and sickness, and where he stands behind the door, ready to come in and sup with you. All this you would leave for one you know not. How bitterly may you hereafter look back on your present lot! You know, I have the apostle's word for it, that if I give you in marriage, I may do well; but, if I give you not, I shall do better. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy in body and spirit, and attend upon him without distraction. Thus was it with the five wise virgins, who kept their lamps ready trimmed until the coming of their Lord. I wish we only knew of five that were foolish. Time would fail me to tell you of all the godly women, both of the elder and later time, who have led single lives without superstition, and without hypocrisy. Howbeit, you may marry if you will: but you will be wiser if you abide as you are, after my judgment. Let me not to the marriage of true minds oppose impediment; but, in your own case—"

"Father," interrupts Anne, "you know I am ill at speaking; but permit me to say, you are now talking wide of the mark. Without going back to the beginning of the world, or all through the Romish calendar, I will content me with the more recent instance of yourself, who have thrice preferred marriage with all its con-

comitant evils, to the single state you laud so highly. Is it any reason we should not dwell in a house, because St. Jerome lived in a cave? The godly women of whom you speak might neither have soe promising a home offered to them, nor soe ill a home to quit."

"What call you an ill home?" says father, his brow darkening.

"I call that an ill home," returns Anne, stoutly, "where there is neither union nor sympathy—at least, for my share—where there are no duties of which I can well acquit myself, and where those I have made for myself, and find suitable to my capacity and strength, are contemned, let, and hindered—where my mother-church, my mother's church, is reviled—my mother's family despised—where the few friends I have made are never asked, while every attention I pay them is grudged—where, for keeping all my hard usage from my father's hearing, all the reward I get is his thinking I have no hard usage to bear—"

"Hold, ungrateful girl!" says father; "I've heard enough, and too much. 'T is time wasted to seek to reason with a woman. I do believe there never yet was one who would not start aside like a broken bow, or pierce the side like a snapt reed, at the very moment most dependence was placed in her. Let her husband humor her to the top of her bent—she takes French leave of him, departs to her own kindred, and makes affection for her childhood's home the pretext for defying the laws of God and man. Let her father cherish her, pity her, bear with her, and shelter her from even the knowledge of the evils of the world without—her ingratitude will keep pace with her ignorance, and she will forsake him for the sweet-heart of a week. You think marriage the supreme bliss. A good many don't find it so. Lively passions soon burn out; and then come disappointed expectancies, vain repinings, fretful complainings, wrathful rejoynings. You fly from collision with jarring minds. What security have you for more forbearance among your new connections? Alas! you will carry your temper with you—you will carry your bodily infirmities with you—your little stock of experience, reason, and patience will be exhausted before the year is out, and, at its end, perhaps you will—die—"

"As well die," cries Anne, bursting into tears, "as live to hear such a rebuke as this." And so, passionately wringing her hands, runs out of the room.

"Follow after her, Deb," cries father; "she is beside herself. Unhappy me! tried every way! An Oedipus with no Antigone!"

And, rising from his seat, he began to pace up and down, while I ran up to Nan. But scarce had I reached the stair-head, when we both heard a heavy fall in the chamber below. We cried, "Sure, that is father!" and ran down quicker than we had run up. He was just rising as we entered, his foot having caught in a long coil of gold lace, which Anne, in her disorderly exit, had unwittingly dragged after her. I saw at a glance

he was annoyed rather than hurt; but Nan, without a moment's pause, darts into his arms, in a passion of pity and repentance, crying, "Oh father, father, forgive me!—oh, father!" . . .

"'T is all of a piece, Nan," he replies. "Alternate hot and cold—everything for passion, nothing for reason. Now all for me; a minute ago, I might go to the wall for John Herring."

"No, never, father!" cries Anne;—never, dear father——"

"Dark are the ways of God," continues he, unheeding her; "not only annulling his first, best gift of light to me, and leaving me a prey to daily contempt, abuse, and wrong, but mangling my tenderest, most apprehensive feelings——"

Anne again breaks in with—"Oh! father, father!"

"Dark, dark, forever dark!" he went on; "but just are the ways of God to man. Who shall say, 'What doest Thou?'"

"Father, I promise you," says Anne, "that I will never more think of John Herring."

"Foolish girl!" he replies, sadly; "as ready now to promise too much, as resolute just now to hear nothing. How can you promise never to think of him? I never asked it of you."

"At least I can promise not to speak of him," says Anne.

"Therein you will do wisely," rejoins father. "My consent having been asked is an admission that I have a right to give or withhold it; and, as I have already told John Herring, I shall certainly not grant it before you are of age. Perhaps by that time you may be your own mistress, without even such an ill home as I, while I live, can afford you."

"No more of that," says Anne, interrupting him; and a kiss sealed the compact.

All this time, mother and Mary were, providentially, out of the way. Mother had gone off in a huff, and Mary was busied in making some marbled veal.

The rest of the day was dull enough; violent emotions are commonly succeeded by flat stagnations. Anne, however, seemed kept up by some energy from within, and looked a little flushed. At bedtime she got the start of me, as usual; and, on entering our chamber, I found her quite unrest, sitting at the table—not reading of her Bible, but with her head resting on it. I should have taken her to be asleep, but for the quick pulsation of some nerve or muscle at the back of the neck, somewhere under the right ear. She looks up, and commences rubbing her eyes, and says, "My eyes are full of sand, I think. I will give you my new crown-piece, Deb, if you will read me to sleep without another word." So I say, "A bargain," though without meaning to take the crown; and she jumps into bed in a minute, and I begin at the Sermon on the Mount, and keep on and on, in more and more of a monotone; but every time I lookt up, I saw her eyes wide open, agaze at the top of the bed; so I go on and on, like a bee humming over a flower, till she shuts

her eyes ; but at last, when I think her off, having just got to Matthew, eleven, twenty-eight, she fetches a deep sigh, and says, "I wish I could hear him saying so to me * * * * 'Come, Anne,

unto me, and I will give you rest.' But, in fact, he does so, as emphatically in addressing all the weary and heavy-laden, as if I heard him articulating, 'Come, Anne ! come !'"

From the Spectator.

SEA-BATHING—ITS DECORUMS.

"MANNERS" writes to the Leading Journal, complaining, for the hundredth time, that bathers of the softer sex at Brighton are annoyed by the indecent curiosity of men. One person whom, with a wildness of imagination beyond poetry, Manners thinks it possible to find a "gentleman," hired a boat to row up and down where ladies were in the water. That society cannot settle this matter, does not say much either for the intelligence or the moral tone of our day. Were society endowed with a truly healthy feeling, brutes like the "gentleman" would be scouted in every circle, and punished by that most deplorable form of exile the being "sent to Coventry." In America they would promptly settle his curiosity by "lynching" him. In England we have not sufficient force of character to put down this species of brute.

Indeed, the bathing question is one of the greatest opprobriums of our intelligence and cultivation. We are sometimes pestered with complaints against bathers on behalf of perambulating ladies ; at another time, bathing men complain that women *will* wander too near ; then we have suppression of a most healthful exercise, or its limitation to the most comfortless hours ; and now we have a revival of old complaints against such things as this Brighton gentleman. The state of public feeling seems to be a permanent conflict between prudery and prurient coquetry. We suspect that prudery sets the bad example. If bathing, under due regulations as to costume, were more common—as common as healthful considerations would make it—there would not be this wonderment and indecent rush to catch a glance at some wet Godiva. It is shameful that the opportunities afforded by our coasts—especially such a noble beach as that at Brighton—should be rendered unavailing by the brutal impertinence of the few. Why does not a manly association of true gentlemen take the matter in hand, by setting the fashion of bathing in proper style, and by taking possession of the marine frontier so to castigate miserable cowards like Manners' sea-serpent ? It would be a chivalrous enterprise well suited to the day. The Knights of the Bath would need no harder weapon than the scoop of their own right hand and the good seawater.

MILTON IN BUNHILL FIELDS.—Almost adjoining Finsbury square is the new artillery ground, of which mention has already been made as the spot where the artillery was proved, and where the Train Bands of the city were exercised. Close by was a most interesting spot, Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, containing the house in which Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and in which he breathed his last, in November, 1674. The site is pointed out by the present artillery place, Bunhill row. Milton's nephew and biographer, Philips, informs us that during the time the great poet lived in Artillery Walk, he used, in fine summer weather, to sit at the door of his house, in a coarse gray cloth cloak, to enjoy the fresh air, and that in this

manner he received the visits of persons of rank and genius, who came thither to pay homage to him, or to enjoy his conversation. A Dr. Wright, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, informed Philips that he once paid a visit to the blind poet in Artillery Walk. He found him in a small apartment, on the first floor, hung with rusty green, where he was seated in an elbow-chair, neatly dressed in a black suit. His face was pale, but not cadaverous. He was suffering much from gout, and especially from chalk-stones ; and he told Dr. Wright that were it not for the pain he endured, his blindness would be tolerable. It was in this house that he was visited by Dryden. Aubrey tells us : "John Dryden, Esq., Poet Laureat, who very much admired him, went to him to have leave to put his 'Paradise Lost' into a drama in rhyme. Mr. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to *tagge* his verses."—*Jesse's London, 2nd Series.*

UPON some occasion in former days, perhaps upon a sudden attack of a town, the great clock of the place, which they were probably putting up or mending, was left with one hand. This you would have imagined would have been considered a defect, and would have been remedied the first time the town became quiet. But no ; like many other things, not having been finished at the time it was begun, it remained unfinished ; after remaining long in that state, people began to think that this defect was intentional ; some foolish person imitated it ; in the race of folly there are always many runners, and the result in this particular case is, that there are scores of clocks set up in public places, which exercise the patience and the ingenuity of the hurried and vexed spectator who, if he has good eye-sight and some power of calculating, may make an approximation to the time which the two hands would have told him accurately at once. Another instance occurs to me of a similar kind. There is a large and increasing proportion of the human species, who have to make constant reference to dictionaries. Now, there are two instances in the alphabet of two consecutive letters, which were in former times one letter. The words beginning with these letters are often still arranged as if they belonged to one letter. Hence, there constantly arises a confusion in those parts of the dictionary alluded to, which I will venture to say has cost every studious person much loss of time and some loss of temper, (for study does not always render the temper impregnable,) and which loss of time and temper they may attribute entirely to the unwise imitativeness which has led one maker of dictionaries to follow another maker of dictionaries in confounding his I's and his J's, his U's and his V's, just as one sheep succeeds another in jumping needlessly over some imaginary obstacle.—*Friends in Council.*

Every-day Wonders ; or Facts in Physiology which all should know. Illustrated with Wood cuts.

A plain exposition of the leading facts or principles in physiology, designed for children, and plentifully illustrated by wood-cuts. It will also furnish a text-book for teachers.—*Spectator.*

PART IX.

For behold, I will send serpents and cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed; and they shall sting you, saith the Lord.—*Jerem. viii. 17.*

Such is the version given in Barker's Bible,* of the passage which figuratively threatens the sending of the Babylonians among the Jews, "who," as the old commentator writes in the margin, "shall utterly destroy them in such sort, as by no meanes they shall escape."

The version now read in our churches runs thus—

For behold I will send serpents, cockatrices, among you, which will not be charmed, and they shall bite you, saith the Lord;

and is more correct, zoologically speaking.

What the serpents threatened were, is more apocryphal. The Greek version has "basilisks." Both basilisks and cockatrices—at least those so-called venomous creatures of which such marvellous tales are to be found in old authors—are fabulous creations. The Hebrew word is *Tsephhuon* or *Tsiphoni*, (*Tsepha* or *Zepha*,) and has been rendered as applicable to the *aspis*, the *regulus*, (another word for the basilisk,) the *hemorhoos*, the *viper*, and the *cerastes*.

But whatever the species of serpents may be, the passage above cited, as well as others, which will readily occur to the scriptural scholar, shows the great antiquity of the art of charming serpents. Thus, in Psalm lviii., we have the following description of the wicked:—

4 Their poyon is even like the poyon of a serpent: like the deaf adder that stoppeth his eare.

5 Which heareth not the voyce of the inchanter, though he be most expert in charming.†

These incantations were too tempting to be neglected by the poets. The shepherd in Virgil alludes to their destructive powers:—

Carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulix :
Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.‡

Manilius and Ovid use nearly the same expressions. The words of the former are—

Consultare fibras, et rumpere vocibus angues.

And the Poet of Love, the Moore of his day, writes:—

Carmine dissiliunt abruptis faucibus angues
Inque suos fontes versa recurrit aqua.§

The Psylli, and their neighbors the Marmaridae, were among the most famous for their power over

* 1615.

† Barker's Bible. In the version now read in our churches the words are:—

4 Their poison is like the poison of a serpent: they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;

6 Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely.

And in the Book of Common Prayer the words are:—

4 They are as venomous as the poison of a serpent: even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears;

5 Which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer: charm he never so wisely.

‡ *Pharmacœtria*, Eclog. viii.

§ *Amor.* lib. ii. El. 1.

serpents. These African charmers of snakes, and the Italian Marsi, carried, if we are to believe one half of the accounts recorded of their feats, this magic art to the highest point of infallibility. The magi played upon pipes made of the legs and bones of cats to call the serpents together; upon the same principle, I suppose, that actuated the less ambitious enchanters, who, to rid themselves of mice, played upon a pipe made of their vertebrae, the duleet and attractive notes of which brought every mouse within hearing to listen to the performance.

Crates of Pergamus saith, that in Hellespont, about Parium, there was a kind of men, (whom he nameth Ophiogenes,) that if one were stung with a serpent, with touching only will ease the paine. And if they doe but lay their hands upon the wound, are wont to draw forth all the venom out of the body. And Varro testifies, that even at this day there be some there who warish and cure the stinging of serpents with their spittle, but there are but few such as he saith. Agatharchides writes that, in Africk, the Psyllians (so called of King Psyllus, from whose race they were descended, and whose sepulchre or tombe is at this day present to be seene in a part of the greater Syrites) could do the like. These men had naturally that in their own bodies, which, like a deadly bane and poyon, would kill all serpents; for the very air and sent that breathed from them was able to stuifie and strike them starke dead. And by this means they used to try the chastitie and honestie of their wives. For so soon as they were delivered of children, their manner was to expose and present the silly babes new borne, unto the utmost fell and cruel serpents they could find: for if they were not right, but gotten in adultery, the said serpents would not avoid and fly from them. This nation verily in general hath been defeated and killed up in manner all by the Nasomenes, who now inhabit those parts wherein they dwelt: howbeit a kind remains still of them, from those that made shift away and fled, or else were not present at the said bloody battell; but there are very few of them at this day left.*

The author of *Thaumatographia*, in his chapter on nutrition, alludes to the Ophiogenes of the Hellespont, and says that they fed upon serpents, and that a certain man who rejoiced in that diet, was thrown into a cask filled with them, and remained intact. This probably was the envoy Hexagon, who said that he came from the Psylli or Marsi, and whom the Roman consuls, by way of testing the truth of his mission, cast into a vessel swarming with venomous snakes, which miraculously harmed him not.

The Marsians in Italy at this present continue with the like naturall vertue against serpents: whom being reputed to be descended from ladie Circes son,† the people in this regard do highly esteem, and are verily persuaded that they have in them the same facultie by kinde. And what great wonder is this, considering that all men carry about them that which is poyon to serpents: for if it be true that is reported, they will no better abide the touching with man's spittle, than

* Holland's *Pliny*.

† Marsus.

scalding water cast upon them : but if it happen to light within their chawes, or mouth, especially if it come from a man that is fasting, it is present death.*

Ovid, in his poetical treatise on cosmetics,† thus opens his lessons to his fair pupils :—

Discite, quæ faciem commendet cura, puellæ :
Et quo sit vobis forma tuenda modo.

Not only does he give them every information that can add to the attractions of their toilet—he does more, he tells them what to avoid. He warns them against witchcraft and incantation :—

Nec mediae Marsis finduntur cantibus angues ;
Nec reddit in fontes unda supina suos.

Now let us see what Dr. Mead says to these supernatural gifts :—

There were formerly in Africa a nation of people called Psylli, famous for the cure of the bite of serpents, with which the country above all others abounds. (PLIN. *Nat. Hist.* lib. vii. c. 2.) These people were thought to have something in their constitution so contrary to poison, that no venomous creature would touch them : and it was pretended that they made this a trial of the legitimacy of their children. The truth of the matter is, they performed the cure in a manner very surprising to the vulgar, that is by applying their mouth to the wound and sucking out the venom. The Marsi in Italy pretended to the same power. Some ceremonies to overawe the patient and gain reverence to the operator, were added to the performance : but Celsus, the Latin Hippocrates, has wisely observed that, "These people had no particular skill in this management, but boldness confirmed by use ; for the poison of the serpent, as likewise some hunting poisons which the Gauls particularly make use of, are not hurtful in the mouth but in the wound. Therefore whosoever will, after their example, suck the wound, will be in no danger himself, and will save the life of the wounded person."—*Medecin. lib. v. c. 17.* ‡

Aristotle (*Hist. Anim.* lib. viii. c. 29) states, that the saliva of a man is hostile to most serpents ; and Nicander declares that serpents fly from even the smell of human spittle.

Of the efficacy of sucking the wound there can be no doubt, as we shall see when we come to consider the treatment of persons bitten by serpents. At present we must return to the regions of enchantment, from which honest Dr. Mead has drawn us aside, and call up one or two of the ancient worthies whose names as serpent-charmers and serpenticides have survived to this day.

Whether Atyr was a Psyllian or Marsian does not appear ; but Silius Italicus has immortalized him and his powers :—

Nec non serpentes diro exarmare veneno
Ductus Atyr, tactique graves sopire chelydors.

Lucian has handed down the name of Babylonius the Chaldean, who, sallying forth in the morning into the open country, pronounced certain sacred names from an ancient volume, made his lustrations with sulphur and a torch, stalked solemnly round in a circle thrice, and evoked all the ser-

pents that infested the region. The reptiles obeyed him as if he had been another St. Patrick, crept out at his summons whether they would or no, and, no doubt, suffered accordingly.

That it was part of the ancient priestcraft to render the most venomous serpents innoxious hardly needs proofs.

Herodotus relates that, in the neighborhood of Thebes, there are sacred serpents which are quite harmless. That they were of the most deadly nature is evident from his description : for he says that they are diminutive in size, with two horns that grow out of the top of the head. This exactly describes the poisonous cerastes, of which more anon. Herodotus goes on to state, that when these serpents died they were buried in the temple of Zeus; for, writes the Halicarnassian, they are sacred to that god (Ammon).* The venomous *Naia Haje*, *El Haje*, or *Haje Nascher* of the modern Arabs, was chosen by the Ancient Egyptians as the emblem of Cneph, the good deity, (*δαιμον*), and as the mark of regal dignity. The front of the tiara of the majority of the statues of the Egyptian deities and kings is adorned with this serpent, and Denon's figure, with the forepart erect and the hood expanded, represents it nearly as it appears on the sculptured stone.

Its congener, the deadly Nâg,† the cobra de capello of the Asiatic Portuguese, is still worshipped in some of the temples of India, where the Hindus believe that, in sagacity and the malicious tenacity with which it treasures up a wrong, it is not inferior to man. They have been seen, upon a pipe being played to them, to come forth from their holes in the sacred edifice, and feed upon the hand ; and it is when the people behold this most destructive serpent in so subdued and docile a state, that they believe that the god has entered into the form.

The only modes by which such docility and harmlessness could be effected, without resorting to what are usually termed supernatural means, are actual extraction of the poison fangs and their glands ; kindness, which, if judiciously and perseveringly managed, will tame almost every living creature ; the use of certain herbs by the serpent-charmer ; and, lastly, an innate possession and consciousness of the power, with a firm conviction that no serpent, however venomous, can injure the operator.

That most of the priests and jugglers availed themselves of the obvious and mechanical means of rendering such serpents as the cerastes and both species of naia innoxious, there can be little doubt. But when we come to examine the evidence, we shall feel as little that some snake charmers may handle the most venomous serpents, while in full possession of their power of inflicting death, with perfect safety.

Conjurors (writes Hasselquist) are common in Egypt. They are peasants from the country, who come to Cairo to earn money this way. I saw one

* Holland's *Pliny.*

† Mead on Poisons.

† *Medicamina facici.*

* *Euterpe.* 74.

† *Naia tripudians.*

the 24th, who was expert enough, and in dexterity equalled those we have in Europe; but can do one thing the Europeans are not able to imitate; namely, fascinate serpents. They take the most poisonous vipers with their bare hands, play with them, put them in their bosoms, and use a great many more tricks with them, as I have often seen. The person I saw on the above day had only a small viper, but I have frequently seen them handle those that are three or four feet long, and of the most horrid sort. I inquired *and examined* whether they had cut out the viper's poisonous teeth; *but I have seen with my own eyes they do not*: we may therefore conclude, that there are to this day Psylli in Egypt; but what art they use is not easily known. Some people are very superstitious; and the generality believe this to be done by some supernatural art, which they obtain from invisible beings. I do not know whether their power is to be ascribed to good or evil; but I am persuaded that those who undertake it use many superstitions. I shall hereafter give a plainer description, with some observations on this subject.*

This was in June, and, according to his promise, Hasselquist thus resumes the subject:—

The 3d (July.)—Now was the time to catch all sorts of snakes to be met with in Egypt, the great heats bringing forth these vermin; I therefore made preparation to get as many as I could, and at once received four different sorts, which I have described and preserved in *aqua vitae*. These were the common Viper, the Cerastes of Alpin, Jaculus, and an Anguis marinus. They were brought me by a Psylli, who put me, together with the French consul, Lironcourt, and all the French nation present, in consternation. They gathered about us to see how she handled the most poisonous and dreadful creatures, alive and brisk, without their doing, or even offering to do, her the least harm. When she put them into the bottle where they were to be preserved, she took them with her bare hands, and handled them as our ladies do their laces. She had no difficulty with any but the Vipere officinales, which were not fond of their lodging. They found means to creep out before the bottle could be corked. They crept over the hands and bare arms of the woman, without occasioning the least fear in her; she with great calmness took the snakes from her body, and put them into the place destined for their grave. She had taken these serpents in the field with the same ease she handled them before us; this we were told by the Arab who brought her to us. Doubtless this woman had some unknown art which enabled her to handle these creatures. It was impossible to get any information from her, for on this subject she would not open her lips. The art of fascinating serpents is a secret among the Egyptians. It is worthy the endeavors of all naturalists, and the attention of every traveller, to learn something decisive relative to this affair. How ancient this art is amongst the Africans, may be concluded from the ancient Marsi and Psylli, who were from Africa, and daily showed proofs of it at Rome. It is very remarkable that this should be kept a secret for more than 2000 years, being known only to a few, when we have seen how many other secrets have within that time been revealed.

Monsieur Jacquin wrote to Linnæus that he had purchased the secret of charming serpents, and

* Voyages and Travels in the Levant, in the years 1749, 50, 51, 52.

that the *Aristolochia anguicida*, the Mexican Aristolochia, or Birthwort, was the plant used by the Indians for that purpose. Forskhal also informed the illustrious Swede that the Egyptians use a species of *Aristolochia*, but without designating it. To return to Hasselquist:—

The circumstances relating to the fascination of serpents in Egypt stated to me, were principally,—

1st.—That the art is only known to certain families, who propagate it to their offspring.

2d.—The person who knows how to fascinate serpents, never meddles with other poisonous animals; such as scorpions, &c. There are different persons who know how to fascinate these animals; and they again never meddle with serpents.

3d.—Those that fascinate serpents eat them both raw and boiled, and even make broth of them, which they eat very commonly amongst them; but in particular, they eat such a dish when they go out to catch them. I have even been told that serpents, fried or boiled, are frequently eaten by the Arabians, both in Egypt and Arabia, though they know not how to fascinate them, but catch them either alive or dead.

4th.—After they have eaten their soup, they procure a blessing from their scheik, who uses some superstitious ceremonies, and, amongst others, spits on them several times with certain gestures.

After making this statement, Hasselquist thus continues:—

The matter of getting a blessing from the priest is pure superstition, and certainly cannot in the least help to fascinate serpents; but they believe, or will at least persuade others, that the power of fascinating serpents depends upon this circumstance. We see, by this, that they know how to make use of the same means used by other nations; namely, to hide under the superstitious cloak of religion what may be easily and naturally explained, especially when they cannot or will not explain the natural reason. I am inclined to think that all which was formerly, and is yet, reckoned witchcraft, might come under the same article with the fascination of serpents. The discovery of a small matter may in time teach everybody to fascinate serpents; and then this power may be exercised by those who have not got it from the hands of the holy scheik, just as the heat would naturally hatch chickens in an Egyptian oven; whether a scheik did or did not lay himself naked on it, when the eggs are just put in: yet to this ceremony do the superstitious Egyptians ascribe the happy event of the chicken being hatched, when they are asked the reason. I have been told of a plant with which they anoint or rub themselves before they touch the serpents; but I have not hitherto received the least description of it, therefore I regard it as fabulous.

Bruce, whose testimony is worthy of all credit, notwithstanding the vile usage he met with from many of his contemporaries, shall next be called:—

The cerastes (writes the Abyssinian traveller) moves with great rapidity, and in all directions—forward, backward, and sideways. When he inclines to surprise any one who is too far from him, he creeps with his side towards the person, and his head averted, till, judging his distance, he turns round, springs upon him, and fastens upon the part next to him; for it is not true what is said, that the cerastes does not leap or spring. I saw one of

them at Cairo, in the house of Julian and Rosa, crawl up the side of a box, in which there were many, and there lie still as if hiding himself, till one of the people who brought them to us came near him, and though in a very disadvantageous posture, sticking, as it were, perpendicular to the side of the box, he leaped near the distance of three feet, and fastened between the man's forefinger and thumb, so as to bring the blood. The fellow showed no signs of either pain or fear, and we kept him with us full four hours, without his applying any sort of remedy, or his seeming inclined to do so.

So much for the bite. But it may be said that the serpent may have been so mutilated as to make his bite innoxious.

To make myself assured (adds Bruce) that the animal was in its perfect state, I made the man hold him by the neck, so as to force him to open his mouth, and lacerate the thigh of a pelican, a bird I had tamed as big as a swan. The bird died in about thirteen minutes, though it was apparently affected in fifty seconds; and we cannot think this was a fair trial, because a very few minutes before it had bit the man, and so discharged part of its virus, and it was made to scratch the pelican by force, without any irritation or action of its own.

Again, speaking of the incantation of serpents, Bruce says—

There is no doubt of its reality. The Scriptures are full of it. All that have been in Egypt have seen as many instances as they chose. Some have doubted that it was a trick, and that the animals so handled had been first trained, and then disarmed of the power of hurting; and, fond of the discovery, they have rested themselves upon it, without experiment, in the face of all antiquity. But I will not hesitate to aver that I have seen at Cairo (and this may be seen daily without trouble or expense) a man, who came from above the catacombs, where the pits of the mummy-birds are kept, who has taken a cerastes with his naked hand from a number of others lying at the bottom of the tub, has put it upon his bare head, covered it with the common red cap he wears, then taken it out, put it in his breast, and tied it about his neck like a necklace; after which it has been applied to a hen and bit it, which has died in a few minutes; and, to complete the experiment, the man has taken it by the neck, and, beginning at his tail, has ate it, as one would do a carrot or a stock of celery, without any seeming repugnance.

What follows is strongly in favor of immunity by the use of vegetable antidotes.

We know from history that where any country has been remarkably infested with serpents, there the people have been screened by this secret. The Psylli and Marmarides of old, undoubtedly, were defended in this manner—

Ad quorum cantus mitis jacuere cerastæ.
SIL. ITAL. lib. iii.

To leave ancient history, I can myself vouch that all the black people in the kingdom of Sennaar, whether Funge or Nuba, are perfectly armed against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the cerastes in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them to one another, as children do apples or balls, without having irritated

them by this usage so much as to bite. The Arabs have not this secret naturally, but from their infancy they acquire an exemption from the mortal consequences attending the bite of these animals, by chewing a certain root, and washing themselves (it is not anointing) with an infusion of certain plants in water.

The next paragraph is particularly worthy of attention. It points out the subdued state of the serpent when in the hands of one of these protected people.

One day, when I was with the brother of Shekh Adelah, prime minister of Sennaar, a slave of his brought a cerastes, which he had just then taken out of a hole, and was using it with every sort of familiarity. I told him my suspicion that the teeth had been drawn, but he assured me they were not, as did his master Kittou, who took it from him, wound it round his arm, and, at my desire, ordered the servant to carry it home with me. I took a chicken by the neck, and made it flutter before him; his seeming indifference left him, and he bit it with great signs of anger; the chicken died almost immediately. I say, his seeming indifference, for I constantly observed, that however lively the viper was before, upon being seized by any of these barbarians he seemed as if taken with sickness and feebleness, frequently shut his eyes, and never turned his mouth towards the arm of the person that held him. I asked Kittou how they came to be exempted from this mischief; he said they were born so; and so said the grave and respectable men among them. Many of the lighter and lower sort talked of enchantments by words and by writing, but they all knew how to prepare any person by medicines, which were decoctions of herbs and roots.

Bruce was evidently satisfied in his own mind that a person could be so prepared as to do the same feats as these fascinators performed; and it is to be regretted that he did not make the experiment, or have it made, though it can hardly be a subject of wonder or blame that he did not.

I have seen many (says Bruce) thus armed for a season do pretty much the same feats as those that possessed the exemption naturally. The drugs were given me, and I several times armed myself as I thought, resolved to try the experiment, but my heart always failed me when I came to the trial; because, among these wretched people, it was a pretence they might very probably have sheltered themselves under, that I was a Christian—that, therefore, it had no effect upon me. I have still remaining by me a small quantity of this root, but never had an opportunity of trying the experiment.

On the 26th of May, the day on which I first saw the hippopotamus, I witnessed the performance of the Arab snake-charmers, of whom I have already spoken. After their dinner they came from the giraffe-house, proceeding along the gravel-walk to the reptile-house, on the floor of which, about three o'clock in the afternoon, or a little later, the performance took place. The charmers took up a position at the end of the house, opposite to the lodging of the great Pythons, of whose size the old Arab had heard with something very like

incredulity. The company stood in a semicircle, and at a respectful distance. There was not much difficulty in getting a front place, but those behind pressed the bolder spectators rather inconveniently forward.

Standing in the open space the old Arab said something to the young one, who stooped down under the reptile cases on the north side of the room, and drew out a large deal box with a sliding cover, which looked like a box for stowing away a set of Brobdignag chessmen, drew off the cover, thrust in his hand, and pulled out a large long naia haje. After handling it and playing with it a little while, he set it down on the floor, half squatted close to it, and fixed his eye on the snake. The serpent instantly raised itself, expanded its hood, and turned slowly on its own axis, following the eye of the young Arab, turning as his head, or eye, or body turned. Sometimes it would dart at him, as if to bite. He exercised the most perfect command over the animal. All this time the old Arab stood still, pensively regarding the operation; but presently he also squatted down, muttering some words, opposite to the snake. He evidently affected the reptile more strongly than his more mercurial relative, though he remained motionless, doing nothing that I could see but fixing his eyes upon the snake, with his face upon a level with the raised head of the serpent, which now turned all its attention to him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of rage. Suddenly it darted open-mouthed at his face, furiously dashing its expanded whitish-edged jaws into the dark hollow cheek of the charmer, who still imperturbably kept his position, only smiling bitterly at his excited antagonist. I was very close, and watched very narrowly; but though the snake dashed at the old Arab's face and into it more than twice or thrice, with its mouth wide open, I could not see the projection of any fang.

Then the old Arab, who, it was said, had had the gift of charming serpents in his family for a long series of years, opened another box, and took out four or five great lizards, and provoked the naia with them, holding them by the tails in a sort of four-in-hand style. Then the youth brought out a cerastes, which, I observed, seemed overpowered, as if, as the country people say, something had come over it. He placed it on the floor, but this serpent did not raise itself like the naia, but, as the charmer stooped to it, moved in a very odd, agitated manner, on its belly, regarding him askant. I thought the serpent was going to fly at the lad, but it did not. He took it up, played with it, blew or spit at it, and then set it down, apparently sick, subdued and limp. He then took it up again, played with it a second time, gathered it up in his hand, put it in his bosom, went to another box, drew the lid, and brought out more snakes, one of which was another naia, and the others of a most venomous kind.

Now there were two naias, with heads and bodies erect, obeying, apparently, the volition of

the charmers. One of the snakes bit the youth on the naked hand, and brought the blood; but he only spat on the wound and scratched it with his nail, which made the blood flow more freely. Then he brought out more lizards of a most revolting aspect. By this time the floor of the reptile-house, that formed the stage of the charmers, began to put one in mind of the incantation scene in *Der Freischütz*, only that the principal performers looked more like the Black Huntsman and one of his familiars than Rodolph and Caspar, and the enchanters' circle was surrounded with fair ladies and their well-dressed lords, instead of the appalling shapes which thronged round the affrighted huntsman at the casting of the charmed bullets. The Arabs, holding the snakes by the tails, let their bodies touch the floor, when they came twisting and wriggling on towards the spectators, who now backed a little upon the toes of those who pressed them from behind. Sometimes the charmers would loose their hold, when the serpents, as if eager to escape from their tormentors, rapidly advanced upon the retreating ring; but they always caught them by the tails in time, and then made them repeat the same advances. I kept my position in front throughout, and had no fear, feeling certain that Mr. Mitchell, and those under whose superintendence this highly amusing and instructive establishment is so well conducted, would not have permitted the exhibition to take place, if there had been the least danger. Besides this, I observed that the charmers only used their own serpents, which they had, I presume, brought with them; and I confess that the impression upon my mind was that they had been rendered innoxious by mechanical means.

We have already seen that the gift or power of charming serpents is said to be hereditary, like the alleged craft of the Dowsers, as they are called, of Cornwall, who use the divining rod with success in so many instances. The Arab lad, who is only fifteen, but who is said to have left a wife behind him in Egypt, when asked how he obtained his power, stated that his father was a holy man, and not afraid of serpents—that neither is he afraid, and that they cannot hurt him. The old man, Jabar Abou Haijab, states that they belong to a tribe known by the name of Rufaiah, who have handed down the mystery of serpent-charming from father to son for many generations, and over whom serpents have no hurtful power. The tribe, it would seem from the accounts of these Arabs, derives its name from Rufai, a Mahommedan saint, whose tomb is said still to remain at Busrah, and to it the Rufaiah make pilgrimages. It is stated to be the haunt of numerous serpents, whose mouths are closed by the saint, so that the pilgrims go boldly among them without fear or harm.

The serpents which figure most prominently in the performance of these Arabs are the Egyptian cobra, *Naia haje*; and the cerastes, *Vipera (cerastes) caudalis*. A sketch of the history and habits of these snakes may be deemed not misplaced.

The Egyptian cobra, which wants the curious spectacle-like mark on the back of the neck that distinguishes the Asiatic species, is of a somewhat dark and greenish hue, marked with brownish, and attaining the length of from three to five feet. This is the serpent which the Egyptian conjurers know how to render stiff and immovable by pressing the nape of the neck with the finger, and thus throwing it into a sort of catalepsy. The serpent is thus apparently converted into a rod or stick.

Traces of this conversion occur in the Scriptures—for instance, where Pharaoh's wise men cast down their rods, which were turned into serpents, but were devoured by the serpent of Aaron.

Take thy rod and cast it before Pharaoh, and it shall be turned into a serpent.

Then went Moses and Aaron unto Pharaoh, and did even as the Lord had commanded: and Aaron cast forth his rod before Pharaoh and before his servants, and it was turned into a serpent.

Then Pharaoh called also for the wise men, and sorcerers: and those charmers also of Egypt did in like manner with their enchantments.

For they cast downe every man his rod, and they were turned into serpents: but Aaron's rod devoured their rods.*

Dr. Smith, in his *Zoology of South Africa*, gives figures of no less than three varieties of *Naia haje*. They do not appear to differ specifically from the naia of Egypt. Dr. Smith closely compared them, and he could not perceive greater differences between some of the individuals from the Cape and those from Egypt than he had found between some of those inhabiting Southern Africa. The young of the Cape reptile corresponded exactly with the figure of the young Egyptian naia given by Geoffroy.

The rarest of the southern varieties is called by the colonists *Spungh-slang*, or spitting-snake, from its alleged power of ejecting poison to a distance. Dr. Smith describes this reptile as being of a uniform livid, blackish-brown, the livid tinge strongest on the under parts, so as to present almost a purplish-slate color, which becomes very dark and shining towards the head. He remarks that all naias of South Africa distil poison from the points of their fangs when much irritated, and are able, by a forcible expiration, to eject a portion of it to a considerable distance. Both the Europeans and natives aver that this snake has the power of casting its poison to a distance of several feet, especially if the ejection be favored with the wind blowing the same way. They declare that the reptile often projects it into the eyes of those who intrude upon its haunts, and that the injury is followed by inflammation, which terminates not unfrequently in loss of sight. It must have been one of these spit-venoms that Mr. Gordon Cumming encountered, when watching in one of his hiding-holes for the brute aristocracy of the forest.

One night, while so engaged, a horrid snake,

which Kleinboy had tried to kill with his loading-rod, flew up at my eye and spat poison into it. Immediately I washed it well out at the fountain. I endured great pain all night, but next day the eye came all right.*

A naval officer, who distinguished himself at the taking of Acre under Sir C. Napier, had a narrow escape from one of these naias. He was shooting near the Cape, when he trod close to or upon one of these horrible reptiles. The snake was coiled round his leg in a moment, and its inflated head was raised to give the fatal dash, when his companion, with admirable presence of mind, placed the muzzle of his gun close to the cobra's head, which was drawn back for the purpose of a surer aim and a more vigorous stroke, and blew its head off, without inflicting the slightest injury on his grateful friend.

The malignant perseverance of these serpents, when their anger is once fairly roused, is most remarkable. Dr. Smith, while walking in the vicinity of Graham's Town, happened to excite the attention of a naia, which immediately raised its head and warned him of his danger by the strength of its expiration. The serpent then commenced an advance, and the doctor observes that had he not retired he would, in all probability, have suffered, if he had not been fortunate enough to disable it; which, possibly, would not have happened, considering, as he says, that these cobras are very active. An officer of the Cape Corps, for whose accuracy the doctor vouches, informed that distinguished zoologist that he was chased twice round his wagon by one of them, and that the pursuit might have been prolonged if a Hottentot had not disabled the enraged reptile by a blow from a long stick.

The Asiatic form of this genus of serpents is even more highly developed than that of the African species. The general length attained by the cobra de capello in Ceylon ranges between two and four feet. Their color varies, and the light-colored individuals were called, in Dr. Davy's time, and perhaps are so called still, high-caste snakes, whilst those of a darker color are designated as low-caste snakes. The largest seen by the doctor was nearly six feet long; but Captain Percival, in his account of the island (1805) states that this hooded snake is found there of a length varying from six to fifteen feet. When enraged and preparing for an attack, the head and body are raised to a height of three or four feet, and at the same time the rest of the body is coiled to accelerate the spring, and add force to it. At this moment the membrane, which lies along part of the head and the sides of the neck, and is hardly perceptible till the animal is irritated, is distended somewhat in the form of a hood, just as it is in the Egyptian cobras; but in the Asiatic nāg the hood is marked with a curious streak or pattern, somewhat in the shape of a horse-shoe, and resembling a pair of barnacles, or spectacles without arms, whence its French

* Barker's Bible, Gen. c. vii. See also c. iv., where it is written that the rod of Moses was turned into a serpent.

and English name of *serpent à lunettes* and spectacle-snake. Captain Percival looks upon this distension of the hood—which, it seems, always precedes the attack of the reptile—as a warning to those within the serpent's reach; and relates that he had more than once been an eye-witness of instances where the fatal bite had been avoided by parties who had thus been put on their guard. But if this signal of death be not attended to, woe to the victim! for after the serpent has exhibited the fatal sign its motions are too rapid to admit of escape from its fangs. The captain dwells on the fondness of these deadly reptiles for music, and states that, even when newly caught, they seem to listen with pleasure to the notes, and writh themselves into attitudes accordingly. While so employed, they must remind the spectator, who has duly read up his *Copperfield*, of Mr. Uriah Heep. This Uriah-like propensity is duly taken advantage of by the Indian jugglers, who bestow some pains in taming the cobras, and at length teach them to keep time in their writhings and nutations to the airs which they play on their flageolets.

Dr. Davy thus describes the mode of operation in Ceylon, where, as well as on the continent of India, frequent displays are made by men called snake-charmers :—

The exhibition is rather a curious one, and not a little amusing to those who can calmly contemplate it. The charmer irritates the snake by striking it, and by rapid threatening motions of his hand; and appeases it by his voice, by gentle circular movements of his hand, and by stroking it gently.

This looks very like magnetism.

He avoids with great agility the attacks of the animal when enraged, and plays with it and handles it only when pacified, when he will bring the mouth of the animal in contact with his forehead, and draw it over his face. The ignorant vulgar believe that these men really possess a charm, by which they thus play without dread, and with impunity, with danger. The more enlightened, laughing at this idea, consider the men impostors, and that in playing their tricks there is no danger to be avoided, it being removed by the extraction of their poison-fangs. The enlightened in this instance are mistaken, and the vulgar are nearer the truth in their opinion. I have examined the snakes I have seen exhibited, and have found their poison-fangs in and uninjured. These men *do* possess a charm, though not a supernatural one, viz., that of confidence and courage; acquainted with the habits and disposition of the snake, they know how averse it is to use the fatal weapon nature has given it for its defence in extreme danger, and that it never bites without much preparatory threatening. Any one possessing the confidence and agility of these men may irritate them, and I have made the trial more than once. They will play their tricks with any hooded snake, whether just taken, or long in confinement, but with no other kind of poisonous snake.

Captain Knox, in his *History of Ceylon*, observes that the Cingalese have, in the ichneumon, a powerful auxiliary against the multitude of snakes to which they are exposed. Small as it is, it will, he

says, venture to attack even the cobra de capello, the poison of whose bite is hardly equalled in danger by that of any other serpent. Percival relates that one of these quadrupeds, placed in a close room where a snake had been previously introduced, instead of darting at it, ran peeping about the apartment to discover some outlet through which it might escape; but, finding none, it returned to its master, crept into his bosom, and could by no means be persuaded to face the snake. When, however, both were removed out of the house into an open space, the ichneumon instantly flew at the reptile, and soon destroyed its antagonist. After the victory the little quadruped suddenly disappeared for a few minutes, and again returned. Mr. Percival concludes that during its absence it had found the antidotal herb, and eaten of it; but he does not state the grounds for his conclusion.

For the cure of the otherwise mortal bite the natives allege that the root of the *Ophiorrhiza mungos*, the herb pointed out by the ichneumon, is a specific. Dr. Davy saw and has recorded the effects of the bite. A cobra, about five feet long, and about six inches in circumference in the broadest part, bit a hen in his presence, fixing his fangs in the skin covering the lower part of the pectoral muscle, and keeping its hold for two or three seconds, when the doctor succeeded in shaking it off. The hen seemed to be but little affected. She died, however, eight hours after the infliction of the bite.

Another cobra fastened on the thigh of a young cock, inflicting a rather severe wound, from which the blood flowed. Instantly the bird became lame; in less than a minute it could no longer stand. Respiration became hurried and rather laborious in about five minutes, and some alvine dejections took place. In about ten minutes the cock had all the symptoms of being in a comatose state, in which he continued for about five minutes, his respiration becoming gradually more feeble and labored. In seventeen minutes his breathing was hardly perceptible, when he was seized with a convulsive fit, which recurred four or five times in the course of the next minute, each fit being less violent than the former. The last of these proved fatal.

Terrible as these reptiles are, the Cingalese venerate them rather than dread them, looking on them as belonging to another world, and appearing here merely as visitors. They regard the cobra as greatly superior to man, and akin to the gods, believing it to be possessed of great power. Impressed with this belief, they refrain from killing it if they can possibly avoid it, and even when they find one in the house they will not slay it, but, putting it into a bag, throw bag and all into the water; for they think that it has a good and generous disposition, and that, unless it be provoked, it will do no harm to man. The cobra which bit the hen in Dr. Davy's presence, as above narrated, was found in a bag floating down the Kalang-ganga.

With these sentiments towards those serpents, it will be no matter of surprise to find them, or

snakes nearly allied to them in form and appearance, playing a distinguished part in the Cingalese theology and system of the universe.

The Naga-bhawené is described as lying under Asoora-bhawené, and as ten thousand leagues in circumference. This region is a hollow sphere. Mountains, hills, lakes, or rivers, there are none. Vegetation there is none, with one exception, the tree called Parasattoo: but this single tree amply supplies the defect; for it not only prodigally bears an immense variety of flowers and fruits, but, in addition, everything that is desirable. This wondrous country is the abode of a numerous race of serpents, similar in kind to the hooded snakes, but of great beauty, size, and power, capable of passing from one part of the world to the other, and shining like gods. No light have they but that transcendent brilliancy which emanates from their own bodies, and thus they enjoy a perpetual day infinitely exceeding ours in brightness. These beings, illuminating all around them, like so many Radiant Boys,* were, during their former lives on earth, persons of great purity and goodness, and almost deserving of becoming gods. But, alas for poor human nature! their high virtues were sullied by some vice, that of malice having been predominant, and they were doomed to their splendid but reptile forms. But, snakes though they be, they are Bhoodists, are possessed of a relic, and worship in temples. They lead an apolaustic life, residing in well-furnished houses, enjoying society, eating and drinking according to their pleasure, for they have only to form a wish, and they immediately have any article of food they want; only it always makes its appearance in the form of a frog.

They live under a monarchy, and, like the Cingalese, are distributed into castes. Their king, Mahakilla-naga-rajaya, is in every way superior to the rest. With his powerful assistance the gods and Asooras churned the milky sea. Mahakilla then wound himself round a rock, and they, pulling at his two extremities, set the mass in motion and accomplished their work. It is fortunate for the human race that these snakes are naturally mild and benevolent, and do harm only when provoked; for, if they were so disposed, they could annihilate the whole of the inhabitants of earth by a single blast of their poisonous breaths.

The Cingalese have a legend touching the deadly enmity which is said to exist between the noya (naia) and the polonga, another most venomous snake, of which the natives have the utmost horror. The late Sir Hudson Lowe graphically described to me the terror of the natives when they beheld one, and the shrieking tone in which they cried out its name.

But the legend!

A noya and a polonga (nintipolonga, or tie-polonga, as it is generally termed) met, once upon a time, in a dry season when water was very scarce. The polonga, almost dying with thirst,

asked the noya where he might find water. Now the noya had a little before met with a vessel of water, wherein an infant lay playing; for it is usual with the Cingalese to wash their children in a vessel or large bowl of water, and then leave their babes to tumble and flounce about. Well, at this vessel the noya quenched his thirst, but, as he was drinking, the child, as it lay sporting therein, hit the serpent on the head with his hand. The good-natured noya, knowing there was no malice in the case, bore the blow patiently, and having drunk his fill went his way without harming the child.

So the noya told the polonga where this vessel was, but knowing him to be a surly, hasty creature, and being desirous withal to preserve the child, made him promise not to hurt the child, who, the noya added, was very likely to give him a pat on the head, as he had done to him. Now the mind of the noya misgave him; he half-repent that he had told the polonga where to find the water, and went after him, fearing his touchy temper. His worst fears were realized; for, as the polonga was drinking, the child patted him on the head, and the irritable serpent bit the little innocent on the hand and killed it. This the noya saw, and, burning with indignation, bitterly reproached the polonga with his baseness, fought him, slew him, and devoured him. And so these serpents when they meet do to this day, fighting to the death, and the conqueror eating the body of the vanquished. The Cingalese, in allusion to this determined hostility, have a proverb, which they quote when they see men irreconcilable, comparing them to a noya and a polonga.

The cerastes, it will be remembered, was the other venomous serpent that prominently figured in the exhibition of our Arab snake-charmers at the gardens of the Zoological Society.

The length of a full-grown cerastes is about fourteen inches. The ground color of the upper parts varies in different individuals, being either yellowish-red, spotted, and variegated with other colors; of a darker hue, differing but little from the tint of the spots, which, in such case, are seen indistinctly; or of a steel or ashy gray, with much darker spots tinted with the same hue. Beneath the color is a pale rose with a pearly lustre. The head is very distinct, and the angles of the jaws diverge considerably, giving great width to the hinder part, while the anterior portion is narrower. The nose is rounded; the nostrils are situated near its apex, each in the centre of a thick projecting scale. The eyebrows are arched, and near the middle of each is a slender, pointed, slightly recurved spine or horn, from which the serpent takes its name. The markings on the head, as well as those on the body, vary in different individuals. The body is thick in proportion to its length, and the tail is short, tapering rather suddenly, and pointed.

Its habits are most indolent; buried in the burning sand, it nurses its sweltering venom till it is roused by hunger or trampled upon, and then woe

* The Irish story of the apparition of the Radiant Boy is alluded to.

to the intruder! Its inactivity is thrown off, and its movements brisk. When once it seizes the offender, it retains its hold with great obstinacy, requiring considerable force to detach it. After a naia has inflicted a wound it makes haste to escape, but the cerastes and other vipers, even when detached by force and thrown upon the ground, remain on the spot, or retreat very slowly from it.

But what is the use of the horns?

Old authors state that it lies buried in the sand, with the tips of the horns just projecting above the surface, as a bait for the birds, somewhat after the manner of the anglers among fishes. These last lie concealed in the mud or sand, leaving the long fibres that spring from the anterior part of the head out to attract the smaller fry, which they then devour. The birds, they say, take the tips of the serpent's horns for little worms or grubs, approach for the purpose of feeding on them, and fall a prey to the serpent.

We find the latent and subtle habits of the cerastes alluded to in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, containing Jacob's prophecy relative to his offspring.

Dan shall bee a serpent by the way, an adder by the path, biting the horse heeles, so that his rider shall fall backward.*

The patriarch, by this comparison with the artful cerastes, intimates that the Danites should have their revenge upon their enemies, and extend their conquests more by stratagem than open bravery.

Nicander also refers to this habit of lying hid in the sands, or in a wheel-track, and biting the horses or cattle that pass near or over it.

This African species† has the character of being able to abstain from water longer than almost any other serpent. Indolently nestled in the arid sand, long periods elapse between the falling of the rain upon its abode. The old French quatrain, printed under the *Portrait de la Ceraste*, alludes to this abstinence:—

Ceste ceraste a comme deux cornettes
Dessus les yeux, et se passe de boire
Plus que serpent, qu'il est possible croire.
Rempiz sont de poison telles bestes.‡

Both the naia and the cerastes have been named as the asp which saved Cleopatra from the degradation of a Roman triumph; but there can be little doubt that the cerastes was the "poor venomous fool" to which the Egyptian queen appealed "to be angry and dispatch." Some, indeed, declare that she did not apply the asp at all, but inoculated herself with the poison by means of a needle; and Galen relates from other authors, that she killed herself by pouring the venom of an asp into a wound made in her arm by her own teeth.

It seems, at first, to be a strange dispensation that creatures should be sent on earth armed with venom,—

* Barker's Bible, Gen. xlix. 17.

† It is found in the south as well as in the north of Africa.

‡ *Portraits d'Oiseaux, Serpens, &c.* 1577.

Whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;

but if serpents were to be created as part of the system of the universe—and the links in the animal chain would be largely imperfect if such forms did not exist—it becomes a necessity that some of the race should be so armed, in order to their taking their prey, and for their self-preservation when attacked.

Still, when one reads the catalogue of serpents which Cato and his army encountered in the Libyan deserts, where the poet* makes every bite of every serpent followed by the death of a man, the visitation is startling. And really this black list, from which it would seem that the cerastes and the other deadly snakes were leagued with Cæsar, (though it may be rather superfluous in specific description, and the different ages and states of one serpent may have been multiplied into many distinct species,) should not be looked on as a mere poetical fiction; for it was evidently drawn from nature, though somewhat highly-colored.

Many hundred years after the *Pharsalia* was written, Paul Herman had in his museum at Leyden, preserved in alcohol, and duly labelled and catalogued, one venomous serpent whose bite induced a deadly sleep, another which killed by an unquenchable thirst, a third whose injected poison was immediately followed by hemorrhages from all the pores of the body—so that the doomed patient presented the appearance of that king in his dying hours who had revelled in the horrors of the St. Bartholomew—and so on.

Dr. Mead truly lays it down that, in all accidents of this nature, the mischief does not stop at the part affected, but is carried further, even through the whole body. In the learned and observant doctor's time the nature of the absorbent system was not so well known as it is in ours, though there is a great deal still to learn.

Dr. Mead was of opinion that this universal communication was effected by the great activity of the nervous fluid, one part of which being infected immediately tainted all the rest. Thus, according to his theory, the whole system of nervous expansions is drawn into spasms and convulsions; and, according to the different nature of the parts to which they belong, different symptoms are produced. In the stomach and intestines these spasms cause sickness, vomitings, and gripes; in the brain, deliria, sleepiness, and epileptic fits; in the heart, intermissions of the arterial pulse, palpitations, and swoonings; in the lungs, difficulty of breathing, with strangling and suffocations; in the liver, by the spasmodic contraction of the biliary ducts, the bile is returned into the blood, and makes a jaundice; in the kidneys the same disposition of the urinary canals interrupts the secretion of the urine, and makes it quite irregular. In short, as he says, the animal econo-

* Lucan.

my is all disturbed ; and though different poisons may show their most remarkable effects in different parts, and these according to the violence of the hurt, may appear in different degrees, yet the symptoms always make it plain that the first bad impression is made upon the animal spirits.

When we presently come to consider the symptoms that follow the bite of one of the venomous serpents—the common viper, for example—we shall find them analogous to those that follow the seizures in plagues, cholera, fevers, and other pestilential diseases, where faintness, giddiness, palpitations of the heart, and all the other disorders which show that the nervous system is affected, are manifested ; and, in truth, the sufferer in such cases is laboring under the effect of a real poison.

The symptoms which follow the bite of a viper, when it fastens either one or both its greater teeth in any part of the body, are an acute pain in the place wounded, with a swelling at first red, but afterwards livid, which by degrees spreads further to the neighboring parts ; with great faintness, and a quick though low and sometimes interrupted pulse, great sickness at the stomach, with bilious, convulsive vomitings, cold sweats, and sometimes pains about the navel ; and if the cure be not speedy, death itself, unless the strength of nature prove sufficient to overcome these disorders ; and though it does, the swelling still continues inflamed for some time ; nay, in some cases more considerably, upon the abating of the other symptoms, than at the beginning. And often from the small wound runs a sanguous liquor, and little pustules are raised about it ; the color of the whole skin, in less than an hour, is changed yellow, as if the patient had the jaundice.*

The rapidity with which animal life may be overcome by the poison of venomous snakes is well illustrated by Mr. Bell, the present secretary of the Royal Society ; and, by the way, in one of his dissections he had proof of the danger which may be incurred in investigating their anatomy.

The head of a large rattlesnake had been taken off immediately after death. Some hours afterwards Mr. Bell was carefully dissecting the poison-apparatus ; but though so long a time had elapsed since the head was cut away, Mr. Bell found that the poison continued to be secreted so fast as to require the occasional use of a piece of rag or sponge ; and he remarks that there could not have been altogether less than six or eight drops of the deadly fluid distilled from the gland in the severed head.

As might be expected, if a succession of wounds be given by a poisonous snake, the creature last stricken has the best chance of recovery. One of Mr. Bell's friends had received a rattlesnake from America, and upon the principle contained in the apophthegm, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, a pack of wretched rats were selected for the occasion. One was put into the cage with the serpent, which immediately struck it. The rat was dead in two minutes. A second was then placed in the cage, to the furthest corner of which

it retreated, uttering piercing cries of distress. The serpent, conscious probably of the late loss of virus, lay quiet ; but when about half an hour had elapsed, it was irritated, and then struck the second rat, which showed no symptoms of having received the poison for several minutes ; and twenty minutes after the bite elapsed before this victim died. Then a third very large rat was introduced into the cage. This showed no signs of terror, and the snake did not appear to notice the intruder, though both were watched throughout the evening, and at night they were left together. The next morning Mr. Bell's friend rose early and visited the cage. But the tables were now turned. The snake lay dead and mutilated ; for the rat had feasted upon the flesh of its back.

Some of our readers may remember the distressing case of a carpenter who came to see the show of a real live rattlesnake. Anxious probably to hear the serpent's rattle, the carpenter teased it with his rule, which, unfortunately, he dropped into the cage. He tried to regain it, and while he was attempting to reach it the snake bit him in the hand. He was taken to one of our hospitals, had the assistance of some of the first surgeons in London, and resisted the effects of the poison so long that hopes were entertained. But the shock to the constitution was too great, and after lingering many days he sank under the consequences of the bite.

Dr. Mead relates a similar case, with a much happier result :—

A man was bit on one of his fingers by a rattlesnake, just then brought over from Virginia. *He immediately put his fingers into his mouth and sucked the wound.* His under-lip and tongue were presently swelled to a great degree ; he faltered in his speech, and in some measure lost his senses. He then drank a large quantity of oil, and warm water upon it, by which he vomited plentifully. A live pigeon was cut in two and applied to the finger. Two hours after this, the flesh about the wound was cut out, and the part burnt with a hot iron, and the arm embrocated with warm oil. He then recovered his speech and senses. His arm continued swelled the next day, but by common applications soon grew easy, and the patient suffered no further mischief.

As the poison of this snake (continues Dr. Mead) is more quick and deadly than any other that we know, a remedy for this will most certainly prove effectual against that of smaller vipers, and all other creatures of this kind. The other applications here made use of (the vomit excepted) could be of no service. The pigeon, the cutting and burning the part two hours after the wound had been made, did no good. Embrocating the arm with oil only abated the swelling.

However right the worthy doctor may be touching the pigeon, the excision, and the cautery, it is by no means clear that he has not leaped somewhat hastily to his conclusion touching the inutility of the embrocation. Besides their famous *arungia viperina*, the viper-catchers in after-times had the greatest confidence in olive-oil as a specific

* Mead On Poisons.

against the bite of those reptiles. Relying on its efficacy, they suffered themselves to be bitten, and would let the symptoms go on till they became absolutely dangerous, or, as they said, till the poison was gaining on their heart, and then swallowing draughts of the oil and rubbing the wounded limb with it over a chafing-dish of coals, became perfectly cured. The better opinion latterly seems to have been that the embrocation was the efficient part of the process, and that the oil which was swallowed did little if anything towards the cure. It is true that, in consequence of the account in *Phil. Trans.* (No. 443,) of an experiment, in which it was said that common oil rubbed into the wound had cured the bite of a viper, the physicians of the French Academy are said to have made several trials of the oil with all possible care, and they pronounced it to be ineffectual except as a fomentation to the swollen part.

Notwithstanding this concurrence of opinion, the viper-catchers of the latter part of the last century used olive-oil as an infallible remedy, and I have myself seen it exhibited in the case of a dog which was severely bitten in the leg by one of these serpents. The oil may be a specific against the bite of the common viper only; for it should be remembered that Linnaeus, when in Scania, was applied to by a woman who had been bitten by a *Chersa*. He administered the oil according to the prescribed forms. But the poor woman died in the greatest agonies. This remedy seems, however, to be effectual against the acrid exudations which emanate from the pustules of a toad. White relates that a quack ate one of those reptiles at Selborne to make the country people stare, and that afterwards he drank oil.

But Dr. Mead was a physician deserving of all confidence, and we shall see that even in his mode of treatment the oil is not discarded.

The doctor then tells us that "the first thing to be done upon the bite of a viper of any kind is, that the patient should suck the wound himself, if he can come at it; if he cannot, another person should do this good office for him. Whoever does it, ought (to prevent any inflammation of the lips and tongue, from the heat of the poison) to wash his mouth well beforehand with warm oil, and hold some of this in the mouth while the suction is performing."

After this he prescribes an emetic, (*Rad. Ipecacuan.*) "encouraged in the working with oil and warm water."

This is conformable, as he observes, to the practice of the Virginian Indians, who were said to cure the bite of the rattlesnake by sucking the wound, and taking immediately a large quantity of a decoction of the rattlesnake root, which acts as a strong emetic, and laying to the part the same root chewed. Piso states that the Indians use as remedies against the bite of that snake and others, the crushed head of the serpent applied as a plaster to the wound, round which they place the green leaves of the tobacco plant.

Celsus recommends the application of dry salt

to the wound; and this Dr. Mead thinks promises somewhat more than the cautery, but not much. The so-called virtues of the celebrated Oriental snake-stones, said to be taken from the head of the cobra de capello, are mere fallacies.

This (says Dr. Mead) Signor Redi, Monsieur Charas, and myself have experienced. They will, indeed, when applied, stick to the wound for some time; being, as appears from their make, not natural but factitious bodies, compounded most probably of calcined bones and some testaceous substances mixed together; but when they drop off, are found to have imbibed nothing of the venom.

The remedy of the viper-catchers, long kept by them a close secret, finds greater favor in the eyes of the doctor. Depending upon their specific, those employed in this trade, which in the days of viper-broth and viper-wine was very brisk, were no more afraid of a bite than of a common puncture, curing themselves immediately by the application of the *axungia viperina* to the wound, and to this day viper's fat boiled down is considered in some countries equally infallible; thus, as in the case of applying the crushed head of the serpent to the wound that it had made, exhibiting the union of the bane and the antidote in the same offending body.

Dr. Mead enraged a viper and caused it to bite a dog in the nose. Both teeth were struck deep in. The dog howled bitterly, and the part began to swell. The doctor diligently applied the axungia, and next day the dog was very well.

But, unfortunately for this poor dog, some of the sceptical gentlemen who saw the experiment ascribed the cure more to the dog's saliva administered in licking himself, than to the virtue of the fat. So he was bit again in the tongue and the remedy withheld. He died within four or five hours. The doctor made at another time a like trial with the same success.

As this axungia (says Dr. Mead) consists of clammy and viscid parts, which are withal more penetrating and active than most oily substances; so these, without all doubt, may, if immediately applied, involve and, as it were, sheathe the volatile salts of the venomous liquor, and thus prevent their shooting out into those crystalline *spicula* which we have observed to be the main instruments of that deadly mischief that attends the bite. But even this cure ought not to be relied on. 'T is safest to use the method we have mentioned; and, moreover, if the patient feels any sickness, faintness, or any of the nervous symptoms we have described, he must be put into bed, and a sweat must be promoted by cordial medicines, particularly the *Confect. Ralegh.* and the salt of vipers, or, in want of this, salt of hartshorn, given in warm wine. I have often experienced the good effects of this proceeding; and, after all the pretensions of the cure by oil, in the case newly related, the man was really not recovered without these means.

And so stands the case; animal fat *versus* vegetable oil. The former may, as the doctor says, be more penetrating; and we know that the

common elder ointment has been applied to dogs and cattle bitten by vipers with the best success; but olive-oil is, nevertheless, not to be despised. The viperine remedy probably had its origin in the notion that the best remedy for a venomous wound was to apply the crushed creature that had inflicted it to the injured part.

The demand for vipers, when viper-wine and viper-broth were all the fashion for invigorating worn-out or vitiated constitutions, was very great, and they formed a part of the stores of every fashionable apothecary's dispensary. Supplies were regularly sent in by the viper-catchers, and I remember hearing a story of a large box full of these reptiles having been received by one of these helpers of men in our town. The lid was not properly secured, and the imprisoned serpents wriggled out, finding their way up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber, and frightening the maids and apprentices to death, some of whom found a viper or two comfortably coiled up between the sheets, just as they were about to step into bed.

The viperine remedy had classical authority for its ministration, nor did he who had the care of the health of Octavius Caesar find it fail.

The renowned physician, Antonius Musa, having certain patients in cure under his hand, who had ulcers that were thought incurable, prescribed them to eat vipers' flesh; and wonderfull it is how soone he healed them cleane by that means.*

Nor was the great Greek practitioner Craterus less successful. He was called in to a wretched slave whose skin fell from his bones, advised him to eat viper dressed like fish, and happily cured his patient. Galen and Aretaeus speak loudly in the praise of such a remedy in cases of elephantiasis, and the former relates many stories of cures of that disease by viper-wine. The native of Tonquin, if we are to believe Dampier, treats his friends with an infusion of snakes and scorpions, accounting the arrack in which they have been digested not only an invigorating cordial, but an antidote against leprosy and all poisons. Dr. Mead, who mentions this as well as the other instances above noticed, states that he was told by a learned physician, who resided many years at Bengal, that it is a constant practice there to order in diet the cobra de capello to persons wasted by long distempers, and adds that the physicians in Italy and France very commonly prescribe the broth and jelly of vipers for invigoration and purification of the blood. He evidently thinks very highly of the remedy, and expresses his opinion that our physicians deal too cautiously or sparingly with it. The ancient Romans of distinction, it seems, were seldom without a preparation of this kind, which they took as an invigorator, and as conducive to long and healthy life. The capons which were served up to the beautiful wife of Sir Kenelm Digby were fed upon vipers.

A word or two upon the poison and its nature,

* Holland's *Pliny*.

and I have done. Dr. Mead observes that the venomous juice itself is of so inconsiderable a quantity that it is no more than one good drop that does the execution. How it operates does not seem to be quite satisfactorily made out.

Ray relates that a gentleman resident in India, having friends at his house, sent for one of those natives who carry about serpents to show experiments upon the difference of their poisons. The first serpent which the exhibitor produced was of a very large size, which he affirmed to be quite harmless; and, to prove his assertion, he made a ligature upon his arm and provoked the serpent to bite him. Having collected the blood which flowed from the bite to the quantity of half a spoonful, he spread it upon his thigh. He then produced a smaller one, which was a cobra de capello, and gave a terrible account of the effects of its poison. In support of his assertion, he, holding the neck of the serpent very tight, pressed out of the vesicle of the jaws about half a drop of its contents, and put it upon the coagulated blood on his thigh. A great ebullition and effervescence immediately ensued in the manner of a fermentation, and the blood was changed into a yellow fluid, confirming the observation that the bite of a viper produces the jaundice.

The experiment made by Dr. Mead, however, gave a very different result:—

About half an ounce of human blood received into a warm glass, in which were five or six grains of the viperine poison newly ejected, was not visibly altered either in color or consistence. It then was and remained undistinguishable from the same blood, taken into another glass, in which was no poison at all.

The doctor gives the following account of the microscopic appearances presented by the poison:—

Under a microscope at first sight I could discover nothing but a parcel of small salts nimblly floating in the liquor; but in a very short time the appearance was changed, and these saline particles were now shot out, as it were, into crystals of an incredible tenuity and sharpness, with something like knots here and there, from which they seemed to proceed; so that the whole texture did, in a manner, represent a spider's web, though infinitely finer and more minute; and yet withal so rigid were these pellucid spicula or darts, that they remained unaltered upon my glass for several months.

Redi found that the dried poison, when diluted with water, was still active and deleterious.

But terrible as is the effect of the attack of these cruel scourges, the bite or the instillation of the poison into a wound are the only things to be dreaded:—

Morsu virus habent, et fatum dente minantur
Pocula morte carent.

Tozzi, a viper-charmer, astonished the Grand Duke Ferdinand and the natural philosophers who were present with him, who had been speaking of the certain death which would await any

person who might swallow the poison of the viper by mistake, instead of spirit of wine or water, by boldly drinking a considerable portion of it. They all looked for his instant decease, but he was no more affected than he would have been by taking so much water.

Dr. Mead relates a similar experiment:—

We resolved to end our poison inquiries by tasting the venomous liquor. Accordingly, having diluted a quantity of it with a very little warm water, several of us ventured to put some of it upon the tip of our tongues. We all agreed that it tasted very sharp and fiery, as if the tongue had been struck through with something scalding or burning. This sensation went not off in two or three hours; and one gentleman, who would not be satisfied without trying a large drop undiluted, found his tongue swelled with a little inflammation,

and the soreness lasted two days. But neither his nor our boldness was attended with any ill consequence.

Those who make such experiments, as well as those who suck wounds occasioned by the bite of venomous serpents, should be quite certain that the skin of the lips and fauces is unbroken, and that there is no wound or abrasion about the gums or tongue, otherwise fatal consequences might ensue. But if all be right, the immunity with which the venom of serpents may be taken into the stomach ceases to be surprising when we remember that the deadly wourali poison is given in the country which produces it as a tonic with success, and that milk, so nutritious when taken as food, if it be injected into the veins, is mortal.

PITT'S BRIDGE.—The first stone of Blackfriars' bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's bridge, in honor of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. If the foundations shall ever be disturbed, there will be found beneath them a metal tablet, on which is inscribed, in Latin, the following grateful tribute of the citizens of London, to the genius and patriotism of that illustrious statesman:

"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George the Third, Sir Thomas Chitty, knight, lord-mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the Common Council of London, during the progress of a raging war, (*flagrante bello*), for the ornament and convenience of the city; Robert Mylne being the architect. In order that there might be handed down to posterity a monument of the affection of the city of London for the man who, by the power of his genius, by his highmindedness and courage, (under the divine favor and happy auspices of George the Second,) restored, increased, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and power of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of WILLIAM PITT."

Such tributes as the foregoing, literature should not willingly let die. A more appropriate, or deserved tribute, paid by the merchants of a mighty city to an illustrious statesman and patriot, it would be difficult to point out. The simple tablet, on which this inscription is engraved, lies deeply buried in the bosom of the Thames, and its very existence is, perhaps, known but to few; and yet far more honorable than all civil crowns, far more than all the wealth and titles secured to him and to his posterity by his sovereign and the legislature, was this affectionate, this unbought and voluntary testimony "unanimously voted" by the citizens of London, to the man who had restored to them the security of wealth and commerce, and the ancient renown which had rendered the name of an Englishman respected over the world.—*Jesse's London, 2nd Series.*

PEPYS' WIFE.—Not the least interesting object in St. Olave's church is a small monument of white marble surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with

cherubim, skeletons' heads, palm-branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossipping, bustling, good-humored Secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St. Olave's Church consists in its connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by in Seething lane, and St. Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his "Diary," that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired secretary in one of the old oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders: her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat, of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans, or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period, as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended, in the male line, from the noble family of the Clifffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person, and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.—*Jesse's London, 2nd Series.*

A HUMOROUS friend of mine who suffered some time ago under a very severe article in the first newspaper in the world, tells me that it was a very painful sensation for the first day, and that he thought all eyes were upon him (he being a retired, quiet, fastidious person); but going into his nursery and finding his children were the same to him as usual, and then walking out with his dogs, and observing that they frolicked about him as they were wont to do, he began to discover that there was happily a public very near and dear to him, in which even the articles of the *Times* could make no impression. The next day my poor friend, who by the way was firmly convinced that he was right in the matter in controversy, had become quite himself again. Indeed, he snapped his fingers at leading articles, and said he wished people would write more of them against him.—*Friends in Council.*

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From the Spectator.

FLETCHER'S NOTES FROM NINEVEH.*

THIS work is a much better book than its title would imply; for who wants notes about Nineveh, when he can read Layard's story of his discoveries day by day, as they were made, and receive an ocular impression of its art from the remains at the Museum? The prominent subject of Mr. Fletcher's book is an account of a sojourn at Mosul and various excursions in the neighborhood. There is also a narrative of his outward journey from Marseilles, by way of Smyrna, Constantinople, and Samsoun on the Black Sea, whence he travelled through Amasia, Tocat, the Anti-Taurus range, and Diarbekir, to Mosul; with a shorter account of his return by way of Aleppo and Antioch to Beyrouth. The original narrative is occasionally intermingled with discussions on Scripture geography; and there are some separate chapters on the history of the country in which he was sojourning, as well as of the Oriental Christians.

Mr. Fletcher was nominated, in 1842, as lay assistant to a clergyman who was about to "proceed on a mission of inquiry into the present state of religion and literature among the ancient Christian churches of the East." To the duties imposed by this object, and to the incidental opportunities furnished by their discharge, the interest of the work is chiefly owing. Mr. Fletcher is not a bad narrator of travels; but he has hardly literary art enough to make the "push on, keep moving" part of travel very striking, even when journeying with a retired Tartar courier through regions so wild and so little frequented as those lying between Mosul and the Black Sea. The true interest of the work commences with his domicile somewhere about the site of the ancient Nineveh. He established himself at Mosul in a house apparently fit for the residence of an Effendi at a rent of nine pounds a year; he had servants whose wages are not stated; and his housekeeping expenses, in the Oriental style, rarely exceeded sixpence a day. He advanced in the study of Arabic till he could hold easy discourse; he of necessity "entered into relations" with the Christians of the town and neighborhood; and when the Mountain Nestorians, who survived the Kurdish massacre of which all have heard something, were driven from their homes, a portion of them found refuge in his house. He had besides friends among the Mahometans, from an old gentleman hight Mohammed, who constantly came to smoke the pipe of contemplation on the Englishman's divan, to a more active-minded Mollah who carefully perused the tracts in Arabic furnished him by the divine, and by omitting all allusions to Christianity, produced "a good moral sermon" for his Friday's congregation; becoming, no doubt, a popular preacher at Mosul, by a method which is sometimes practised nearer home.

* Notes from Nineveh, and Travels in Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Syria. By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. In two volumes. Published by Colburn.

Besides the opportunities of observing character and manners which his city residence furnished, Mr. Fletcher made various excursions about the neighborhood, sometimes on what may be termed professional visitations; at other times for purposes of recreation, or ecclesiastical and archaeological inquiry. In all cases, his position, his pursuits, his leisure, and his knowledge of the people, placed him in much more advantageous circumstances than the common traveller, who scampers through the country with his Tartar courier, or if he pauses a little in his galloping career is probably without means of communication with the natives, or any means of introduction to them, beyond the general facility of Oriental intercourse.

These opportunities have enabled Mr. Fletcher to present a very good picture of Oriental life and opinions as they now exist, sometimes contained in the conclusions of the author, but more frequently embodied in anecdote, incident, or description. A conversation-party unfolds the Mesopotamian notions of Europe and England—ridiculous enough to us; but, on the other hand, what notion has the uneducated and remoter population of this country of Mesopotamia? A religious meeting of Christians exhibits the feelings and practices of different sects, as visits to their churches display their modes of conducting the service. Social communication with men of all creeds brings out the moral and intellectual qualities of Assyrians, Kurds, Turks, and Yezidees or Devil-worshippers. Tales told by some acquaintance who excelled in story-telling give a glimpse of the popular literature of the East, besides possessing an intrinsic interest, and often a pointed moral. The indications scattered through these sketches, and the remarks of the author, often throw a strong light on the present state of government in the Turkish empire, and of the popular feeling towards the government. The empire is evidently drawing to a close, and, Mr. Fletcher says, deservedly so. The reforms, or rather changes, operate no further than within eyeshot of a few large cities, where foreign ministers or large bodies of foreigners reside. In the interior the power of the central government is less than ever, and the tyranny of subordinate rulers, if not greater than ever, totally unchecked. Even religious bigotry, or at least professional feeling, sometimes gives way before it. The following conversation took place on an excursion Mr. Fletcher made to the Monastery of St. George, situate not far from the eastern bank of the Tigris.

During the evening three other Mohammedans came in, one of whom was the mollah of the village. They began to talk very loudly against the tyranny and oppression of Mohammed Pasha, who had lately imposed some rather heavy taxes on their village. The following colloquy ensued between us.

Mollah—"When are your people coming to take the country?"

Myself—"I can hardly tell you, seeing that, to the best of my knowledge, they have no intention

of doing anything of the kind. But tell me, O mollah, you who are the servant of the prophet and a priest of his religion, why should you wish that the Franks and Christians might bear rule over you?"

Mollah—"Kowajah, [Sir.] God is great, and knows all things. If it be His will that we should become Christians, or that Islam should fall, He can bring it to pass, whether we desire the change or no. Why, then, should we be anxious for the future destiny of religion, when the Exalted One takes care of it! We are blind and know nothing."

Another—"I have heard say our mosques were once Christian churches; and, Allah knows, they may be so again. Anything, however, is better than the tyranny of this dog of a Pasha. May he sleep in Gehennam!"

Mollah—"Mohammed Pasha is in one respect a just man; he robs Jews, Christians, and Moslem alike. A year ago he sent for a student of my acquaintance, a humble and holy man. 'O man,' said he, 'it grieves me to hear that you are behind with the salian.' 'I am poor, O Pasha,' was the reply; and my patrimony is small. My crop, also, has not been prospered by Allah; and the Kurds have carried off several of my sheep.' The Pasha grew wrath like a Sheitan as he is; and, interrupting the student, he roared out, 'You dog, you unclean! pay you shall, or the bastinado shall compel you.' So the poor man returned home in great fear; and he had to sell his books to meet the demand. Shall such a Moslem as this go to Paradise? Shall he not rather be thrust down to the lowest pit of Gehennam, even below the accused Jews?"

Myself—"But the Cadi and Mufti of Mosul; surely they are, or ought to be, good Mussulmen: can they not help you, or moderate the tyranny of the Pasha!"

Mollah—"Kowajah, the Pasha is a drunken infidel; and as for the Cadi and Mufti, they, excellent men, are worse than he."

I was somewhat surprised to hear sentiments like these uttered by Mohammedans so near the residence of the dreaded Pasha. Bad as the Turks are, however, they have not imitated the evil example of certain more civilized and Christian governments. The movements of the oppressed are at least free, nor are his words watched by some lurking spy and made a matter of accusation against him.

I remember on one occasion a butcher was condemned to have his ear nailed to his own doorpost. The sentence was executed with small consideration for the feelings of the sufferer; who, however, indemnified himself by heaping a torrent of abuse on the Cadi, Mufti, and the Pasha himself. No notice was taken of what he said; but when the term of his sentence had expired he was released, and allowed to depart unmolested. Perhaps, however, when the Turks become a little more civilized, they will adopt the system of espionage, with some other European improvements which they lack at present.

Bad as the tyranny of the Pasha might be, and rejoiced as the community was when he died, it was soon found out by many that he was better than anarchy. This opinion was expressed by a poor ferrymen after the Pasha's death, and before the arrival of his successor.

We were nearly an hour crossing the Zab, and

found the current very violent about mid-way. After strenuous exertions, however, we arrived in safety at Kellack; but, with the exception of one or two old men, the village had been entirely deserted by its inhabitants. Those who were left behind informed us, that a band of predatory Kurds having paid them a visit the day before, had plundered the village and murdered two of the people, on account of which all the survivors abandoned their dwellings and took refuge in Arbela.

"Those Kurds are true sons of the Accursed," said the ferrymen: "when Mahomed Pasha, peace be upon him! was alive, they dared not have made free with even the sole of an old slipper. He has gone now, and every thief of a Kurd that can muster a dozen idle rascals together makes up for lost time by spoiling honest people, and taking their lives if they resist."

"But the Pasha was an oppressor, and a tyrant," I observed.

"It is true," was his reply; "yet still he kept the country quiet, and these Kurds within their mountains. We never saw their ill-favored visages in our neighborhood before, may confusion light upon them! As for oppression, O Effendi, we are used to that, and probably may suffer as much or more under the next Pasha as we did under him that is gone. Still it is something to wake in the morning with a whole throat, and not be roused up at midnight with your roof all on fire, your women screaming, and your children spitted like Kabob on the spears of those unclean sons of darkness. Heavy taxes are bad, but they are better than all this."

I felt much disposed to agree with the sentiments of the worthy-ferrymen; who, however, was a native of a village on the other side: and, after expressing my hope that they might remain free from a similar visitation, I mounted my horse and rode on to rejoin my companions, who were some distance in advance. As I proceeded, I could not help contrasting the feelings which an occurrence like that above mentioned would excite in England with those produced by it in this country. In our own land, a single murder would be the talk of the whole neighborhood; but here the violent death of two persons, and the plunder of a village, seemed too much of an every-day event to create much notice. The people who were only a few miles distant from the scene of the atrocity professed their utter ignorance of it.

That the open bigotry of the Mahometans is less than it was formerly, is clear: dread of the government restrains the authorities, and they, with an apprehension of an unknown power of Europe, operate upon the people. At the same time, the bigotry of Mahometans seems less than that of Romanists when dominant, and to depend less upon their religion than upon their ignorance, their individual disposition, and the presence of some brutal priest, who is continually inflaming their prejudices. At present there certainly seems a good deal of liberality or laxity among the Mahometans with respect to Christianity; but this has always been the case where the people have been let alone. And some of the actual persecutions have been set afoot by Christian sects instigating the government one against the other. All the latter troubles of the Eastern Christians have been ascribed to Rome, which, acting in con-

junction with French secular influence, (as Russia unites with the Greeks,) aims at cajoling or forcing the Oriental Christians into submission to the Pope. The Massacre of the Mountain Nestorians has been ascribed, though upon no evidence, to Romanist machinations. Mosul was disturbed by them while Mr. Fletcher resided there. The points we have touched upon are partly illustrated in this passage.

We found the Chaldeans of Mosul, therefore, divided into two parties, one of which recognized the pretensions of Mar Nicholas, the Papal nominee, while the other, without absolutely rejecting him, retained a secret fidelity to the fallen house of Elia.

The latter party soon added to their private animosity towards the authority of Rome a hearty and determined dislike of the novelties which the Papal party had introduced. They complained that new and unapproved rites, supported neither by Scripture nor tradition, had been forced upon them by the machinations of a foreign priesthood. The celebration of the mass in the chapel of the Italian missionaries was intended, they asserted, to prepare the way for its general adoption. The impediments laid in the way of the circulation of the Scriptures, they censured as policy of which even Mohammedans would be ashamed; while they pointed out, in coarse and bitter irony, the lamentable results of an enforced celibacy on the morals of the clerical body.

In countries where circumstances allow of the exercise of arbitrary power, the motto of the Church of Rome has always been "argue not, but strike." On Sunday morning, thirteen of the discontented were solemnly excommunicated, and a curse denounced against those who should converse or have any dealings with them.

One of these men was the leader of the rest, and was noted in the city for being among the most determined opponents of Rome. He was a short, square-built personage, with a burly face, more English than Chaldean. Though a little extreme in his views, like all reformers, his motives were single and pure. He desired to see his church freed from the hateful yoke of the stranger, and was ready to sacrifice anything to obtain so valuable an end. The rude eloquence of his tones, and the overwhelming ridicule which he poured unsparingly upon his shrinking and cowardly adversaries, might have been considered worthy of a more enlarged sphere of action. The Papist party dreaded his approach, and fled from the sound of his voice as the Trojans retreated at the shout of Achilles. They endeavored to incense the Pasha against him; but his bold daring had won the esteem of one who was in some respects a kindred spirit; and the governor bade the accusers begone, adding that Georgios was quite right in exposing the folly of a set of insane worshippers of images.

Some Mollahs made our friend tempting offers if he would embrace the religion of the Prophet; but Georgios, while he disliked its corruptions, was sincerely attached to the Christian faith. He generally attended the daily service in our little chapel, and expressed himself much gratified with the purity and simplicity of the English ritual.

One day, while on a visit to Kas Botros, an old Mohammedan came in, and taking up a book of the Gospels, which lay on the diwan, expressed him-

self much pleased with its contents. A conversation ensued, during which he informed us that he himself had been baptized in his infancy, by a Christian priest.

"That is curious," remarked Kas Botros; "I certainly never heard of that practice before."

"It is often performed in Mosul," replied the old Moslem; "for most of us who live here are descended from Christian parents, who have become at various times professors of Islam. Not many years ago, I have heard old men say, that a Christian Pasha bare rule here, and Christians were above the Moslem in those days. On my head, they were powerful then, and even a Mohammedan governor did not care to interfere with them. But since they quarrelled among themselves, they have become weak as water."

"Is it common then in this city," I inquired, "for Mohammedan children to be baptized?"

"On my head it is," he answered: "I will tell you how it happened with me. I had not long left my mother's arms when I was taken very sick. My mother was distracted, for the physician gave me up, and said that Azrael was even then flapping his wings over my head. Then my mother slapped her face and tore her hair, and called to my sister to run for the Mollah. He came and gave her a verse of the Koran, to hang about my neck in a little bag; for which he demanded five piastres; which my mother willingly paid, for she would gladly even have sold all her jewels to save my life. Still I grew worse and worse, and every one thought I was going to die; when an old Christian woman came in to visit my mother.

"'Ayesha,' said the new comer, 'Djanum, my soul, do not lament and grieve, but listen to what I am about to tell you. Your child's life may depend on it. Let me call our priest to baptize your son, and by the mercy of the Holy Virgin he shall recover.'

"'But what will the Mollah say?' argued my mother.

"'The Mollah is an ass, Djanum,' said the old woman; 'he told me once our sex should never see Paradise. Ah! Christianity is the religion for women. They say the Franks in the West even worship their females.'

"'Run then, Rachael, and fetch the priest,' said my mother; 'I am willing to try every means to save my child's life.'

"So old Kas Zachariah came and baptized me; and soon after, praise be to God, I recovered."

"Then, do you attribute your recovery to your baptism?" asked I.

"Allah the exalted knows," said the old Mohammedan, thoughtfully, as he arose to take his leave.

The various stories are good illustrations of Oriental life; and are probably genuine, for we question whether Mr. Fletcher could have written them. Some are too long for quotation; the following, whether fact or fiction, is a good example of the spirit of Mahometan law.

A certain merchant left in his last testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons, according to the following proportion—The first was to receive half, the second one third, and the youngest a ninth part of the whole. But, when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that, to comply with the terms of the will, without sacrificing one or more of the animals, was

impossible. Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to the Cadi; who, having read the will, observed that such a difficult question required time for deliberation, and commanded them to return after two days.

When they again made their appearance, the judge said, "I have considered carefully your case, and I find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you, as will give each more than his strict share, and yet not one of the animals shall be injured. Are you content?"

"We are, O judge," was the reply.

"Bring forth the seventeen horses, and let them be placed in the court," said the Cadi.

The animals were brought, and the judge ordered his groom to place his own horse with them. He bade the eldest brother count the horses.

"They are eighteen in number, O judge," he said.

"I will now make the division," observed the Cadi. "You, the eldest, are entitled to half; take then nine of the horses. You, the second son, are to receive one third; take, therefore, six; while to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part, namely, two. Thus, the seventeen horses are divided among you; you have each more than your share, and I may now take my own steed back again."

"Mashallah!" exclaimed the brothers, with delight, "O Cadi, your wisdom equals that of our Lord, Suleiman Ibn Daood."

Perhaps the true subject of the book is the Oriental Christians, past and present. The history is not encumbering; for it is rapid and connected with the present, if not essential to its comprehension. The sketch of the various churches and their followers is by far the best and fullest that has appeared; lifelike too, and liberal in feeling, except where Rome comes in, and then probably Mr. Fletcher is right. Much space is not left, but we will take one extract.

The monks are supported as in Europe, by the revenues attached to each monastery, which afford an ample supply for their slender wants. By the rules of the Eastern churches most of the laity would be restricted from the use of animal food during nearly a third portion of the year; but the abstinence of the monks is of course more rigorous and severe. Their garb is not so varied or distinctive as that of monastic habits of Europe. A long dark vest, resembling the common zeboon of the country, with, perhaps, a jacket of black cloth, is the usual attire of an Eastern monk. They are a pale, mild, and gentle race, often ignorant, and not very liberal in their views; but, during the frequent intercourse I have held with them, I never knew one who was a hypocrite, or a secret debauchée—two characters which have been supposed by some inseparable from the system of monachism. I have seen these men eat thankfully food which the lowest of English laborers would not touch. I have heard them engaged in praising God at an hour when English rectors and curates have been quietly sleeping, or returning from some pleasant social party; and I have watched them delving and digging in their little plantations till the perspiration poured from them in streams. Such is the idle, lazy, and luxurious life of the monks of the East.

The poverty of the clergy may, at first sight, seem to infer their abasement and degradation;

but the respect in which their persons are held fully compensates for any inconvenience which they might suffer were they the inhabitants of more civilized countries. The stout and prosperous merchant, the rich shopkeeper, or the stalwart squire, who condescend to pity and to patronize the threadbare curate or the small and ill-paid vicar, will be astonished to hear that at the approach of some ragged priest or bishop, a wealthy and well-dressed assembly will rise with respect and reverence to press his hand to their lips, and to seat him in the most comfortable corner of the diwan. Money and a home are little wanted where hospitality is a national virtue, and it is a priest that seeks for it, in the name of the God whom he serves.

Nor are the clergy less beloved on account of their general familiarity and condescension to even the meanest members of their flock. I have frequently witnessed the small room of a bishop crowded from morning till night with the poor, the distressed, and the unfortunate, each seeking from his spiritual pastor advice, assistance and consolation. The slender purse of a self-denying prelate often furnishes many with the means of life, and those who lack the direction of a man elevated above the passions and prejudices of the world, may find it freely bestowed by one who is in every respect the father of his people.

The Christians of the East are in some measure subject to their clergy in civil as well as in spiritual matters. The Patriarch of each community is responsible for the Kharadj, or poll-tax, paid by each individual Christian. He even possesses the power of inflicting imprisonment or stripes in certain cases, and it is frequently extremely difficult for an Oriental Christian to quit his own community and transfer his obedience to another church.

HOLYROOD PALACE was fitted up, people observe, to afford the queen two nights' lodging; for her stay was no longer, and she quitted Edinburgh without either drawing-room or levee. In the course of her sojourn, the successor of Elizabeth visited the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots, preserving a strict incognito, for the better, because more free, contemplation. What thoughts might rush across the royal brain!—the ill fate of the thoughtless woman, wandering among fanatics and rude soldiers whose coarseness merged in fanaticism; the hated husband, the imbecile progeny—link between the Victoria of the nineteenth, and the glorious Elizabeth of the sixteenth century! Many a material for a royal sermon—even the apocryphal stain of blood, whose imputed indelicacy provoked the English bagman's indignation on behalf of his forbidden "detergent elixir." No detergent elixir can cleanse the blot from that page of bigotry and cruelty; but a healthy faith can draw flowers of consolation even from the ground fertilized with blood.

Before the royal lady had rapt herself from the eyes of the loyal Edinburghers, Prince Albert was seen in his duty as aesthetical commissioner-general, laying the first stone of the new Scottish National Gallery on the Mound, and delivering one of his neat oral compositions—which always contain some sterling thought—on the independent condition of the useful arts in Scotland at this day as compared with the time of the Union, and the growing influence of the fine arts. And so from art in Modern Athens to nature at Balmoral.—*Spectator*.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions. By Edward Everett. Boston.

Here are two octavo volumes, containing a selection of the orations and speeches of one of our most skilful and accomplished constructors of occasional discourses. At an early period of his literary life, Mr. Everett had obtained a brilliant reputation for the beauty with which his compositions of that kind were wrought up, and the impressiveness with which they are delivered. Of these he published a volume in 1836, and now, after an interval of sixteen years, he gives us another, mostly consisting of orations and speeches delivered since that time. In revising the productions, he says, in his preface, that he has taken some pains in pruning the style, which he found too florid for his present taste. Perhaps, however, the very exuberance of ornament which now displeases him might have been one cause of their popularity.

Mr. Everett makes a kind of apology for the hopeful patriotism in which he indulged, in the early part of his career—"a certain exaggerated nationality," as he calls it, which does not now, in his opinion, "find a cordial response from the people, in any part of the country." He has been "awakened from the pleasing visions of former years by the fierce recriminations and dark forebodings of the present day." We suspect he has only passed from one dream to another. Fierce recriminations will always arise between parties, and the desponding in temper, particularly in the decline of life, will always indulge in dark forebodings. Mr. Everett may have grown less hopeful than formerly, but it does not follow that he has grown wiser; he may have only undergone a change of temperament.

His orations, however, form an important part of a very voluminous branch of our literature. Few men have ever written occasional discourses so well as Mr. Everett. He has shown great address in collecting and arranging the knowledge connected with his subject, in bringing it to bear upon the occasion, in luminously stating such deductions as he desires to impress on his hearers, and enforcing them by considerations never too abstruse for the popular mind, and always put forth with a certain dignity of manner.

Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences, by Joseph T. Buckingham. Boston.

Here are two duodecimo volumes by one of the oldest conductors of the newspaper press in the United States, who retired a short time since from his laborious and useful but somewhat contentious vocation, and who dedicates this work of his leisure "to all printers and conductors of the newspaper press who entertain a true regard for the dignity of their profession, and a disposition to render it a blessing to humanity, as well as a source of profit to themselves." A considerable portion of the materials for this work are drawn from the author's own collections, which he began to make while an apprentice, in the year 1795; some are gathered from books now out of print, others from the recollections of persons now living, others from those copious miscellaneous records of history, files of old newspapers.

The work begins with the Boston News-letter, the first newspaper established in North America, and its proprietor, John Campbell, a Scotchman and a bookseller, and closes with the Salem Register and the Rev. William Bentley, who for twenty-four years was a writer for that paper, for the mere love of the occupation. The newspapers noticed by Mr. Buckingham, are, with one or two exceptions, New England journals. Of the conductors and the principal contributors, a great many anecdotes have been collected; the principal topics of discussion which employed their pens are stated, and samples given of the manner in which they were treated. Now and then we have samples of the verses of the times. The reader of this book, we think, will agree with us in the conclusion, that however the world may have gone back in other respects, it has somewhat improved in the quality of its newspaper discussions, since Mr. Buckingham began to make his collections.

Altogether, the book is an entertaining one, and its history of our newspaper literature before it attained anything like its present overgrown bulk, will be read with both amusement and profit.

The Life of Commodore Talbot, by Henry T. Tuckerman. New York.

This elegant little volume, from the pen of the agree-

able essayist, (who may be classed with Leigh Hunt, in that delightful form of writing,) is a sterling contribution to the library of American historical biography. It is a classical piece of miniature biography, the only species of biography that can maintain a fixed place in the library of the litterateur and general reader. The best lives, as those of Johnson and Walton, in English, have ever been brief and compact, though the ordinary idea of a biography includes two bulky octavos, swelled over by correspondence, state papers, &c., the material wholly of the genuine life.

Mr. Tuckerman has done his work well. The narrative is clear, unrestrained and graceful, the descriptive episodes artistically managed, and with an eye to picturesque effect, the portraiture of character judicious and discriminating. The style is everywhere pure and finished. We hope to see the writer again, and, as subjects are abundant, he cannot fail to select a fit theme for his pen among the literary, no less than the military, naval or civil celebrities of an earlier day.

We learn from Mr. Gowans, who has the richest collection of old books, perhaps, in the country, and certainly in New York, that an early life of Commodore Talbot, 1803, has been much sought after, and is rare and dear. Without having seen it, we fear not to hazard a judgment, that it is not likely to be half so pleasantly written as the work under notice, which should find its way into every collection of books, made by an American, however small. Naval men, of course, and descendants of the Commodore, will cherish it as an honorable memorial of their profession and noble ancestor.

The Companion—After-Dinner Table-Talk; by Cheatwood Evelyn. N. York: G. P. Putnam.

A pleasant book for a leisure hour, made up principally from various authors, with a sprinkling of anecdotes and striking thoughts gathered in conversation, and occasionally an original article, not unworthy of its place with the rest. The author, we should infer, is one who likes to rummage in the corners and odd places of English literature, and certainly he has gleaned with judgment wherever his reading has led him. The After-Dinner Table-Talk will amuse a solitary after-dinner hour most agreeably.

Domestic History of the American Revolution. By Mrs. Ellett. New York.

Mrs. Ellett must have paid so much attention lately to the domestic history of the revolution, as to be able to write upon it with great copiousness and freedom. In her researches for materials for her book on the Women of the Revolution, she must have found a great deal of valuable information, and the work before us is doubtless the result of her acquisitions in that respect. It relates, as we see by the table of contents, to the southern states more especially, but the other parts of the Union are not forgotten. The work is printed in the handsomest style.

Life Here and There. By N. P. Willis. New York.

Mr. Willis is unquestionably one of the most popular writers of the United States, if the frequency with which his various writings are published be any test. Here is another handsome edition of tales and sketches, that have recently appeared in half a dozen other forms before, but which are now as fresh and racy as when they were written, and which, we are told, sell as rapidly as they did ten years since. But they are not all old, at least to us, for several of these sprightly and interesting papers we do not remember to have seen before. The volume is uniform with the other works of the author published by this house.

The Water Cure Library. Fowler & Wells, of Clinton Hall, have just issued a series, in seven small volumes, of the best extant works on the subject of the use of water. They treat of the matter not in its technical sense only, but in all its aspects, and furnish the reader with a summary of the most important facts that have been observed in relation to the effects of water on the animal economy. A person who should desire to know all that mankind has thought and done about water, from Noah down to Preissnitz, will find his curiosity gratified in these works. They are simple and unpretending in style, but are compiled with great care and judgment. The whole experience of the medical faculty in times past is given, and complete instructions are added as to the best methods of applying the agent in various processes of cure. The books are neatly printed, and the whole getting up does the greatest credit to the enterprise and taste of the flourishing house by which they are put forth.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tail's, Ainsworth's, Hood's, and Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.